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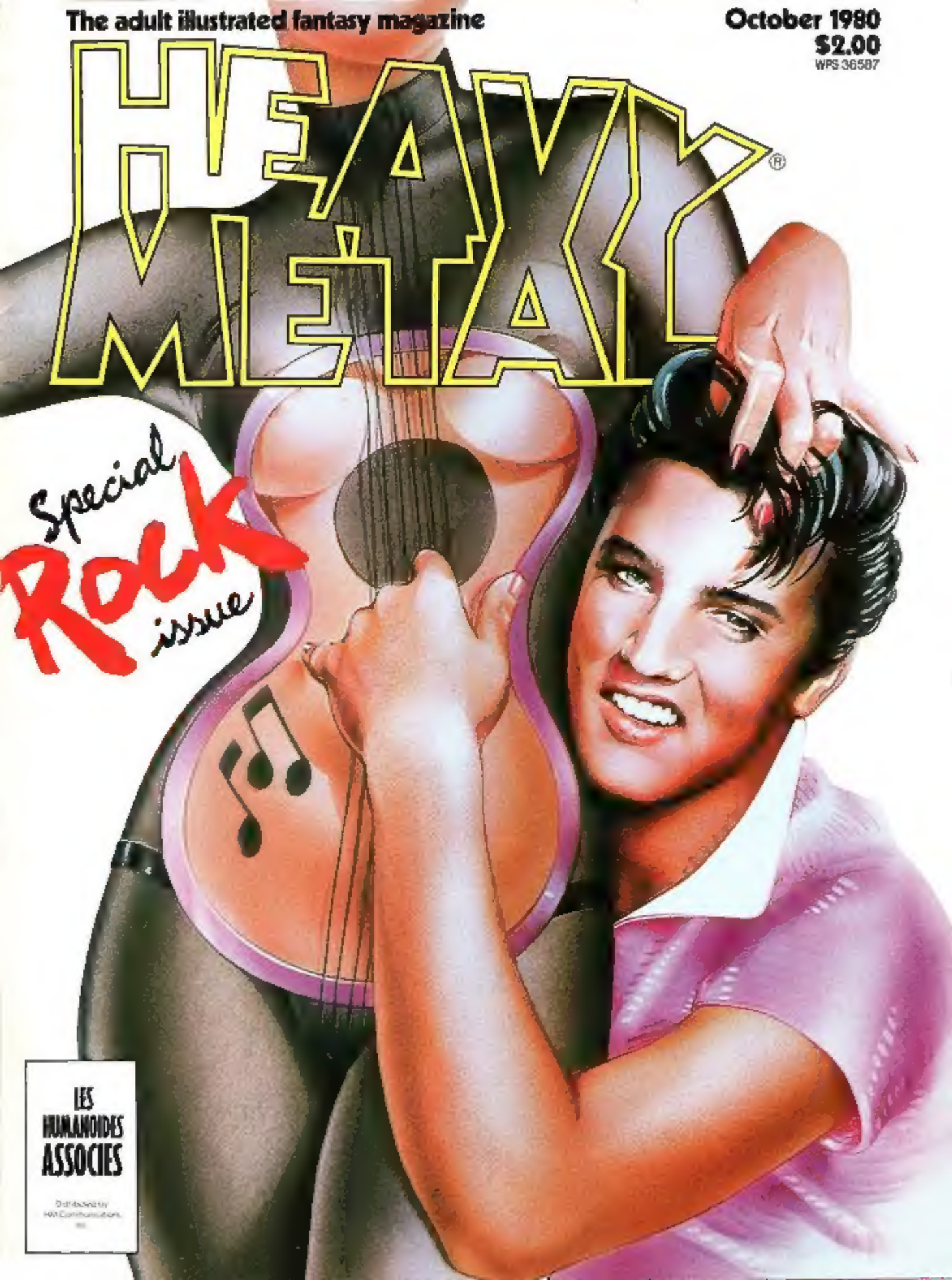

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Back cover, So Fine, by **Jim Cherry**

"Rock City," by Moebius, "Space Jive," by Voss, "Rock à la Mickson," by Cestac, "The Theft of the Golden Hit," by Hé, "Jopo de Pojo," by Joost Swarte, "Love 'em Tender," by Liz Biji, and "Lead Guitar," by Druillet, are all from *Métal Hurlant*, copyright © 1980. *Métal Hurlant* is published by L.F. Editions, Les Humanoides Associes, Paris. Reprinted by permission.

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...FORTY-THREE...

Welcome to *HM*'s first Special Rock Issue! Our friends at *Metal Hurlant* have thus far published two special issues on the rock theme, and it was inevitable that we would too, since the rock connection has been subliminally obvious since our first issue. "Heavy metal" is a phrase that has carried a variety of meanings over the years (it once referred to the cannon carried on sailing ships), but to most people today it means a type of rock music, a fact that was not ignored when this magazine's title was chosen.

Rock and comics have a good deal in common. Both are "lively arts" born out of the popular culture, both got their start in the United States, only to be received with greater acclaim (and critical attention) outside the U.S., and both have traveled far and wide and returned to the U.S. from foreign climes augmented, rejuvenated, and improved by their travels.

And both rock and comics are regarded here at home as something not quite respectable for adults. Comics—most of us had the experience of being admonished by our parents or teachers: "If you read those comics you'll never learn how to read books—you'll stay with that trash." Rock—as we grew up we all knew that our liking for rock was an implicit protest against the straight world our parents and teachers inhabited, and they told us often enough that rock 'n' roll was "musical trash—just noise!"

In both cases it was the vigor of the basic medium and its primacy of appeal that hooked us and threatened our elders. Whole generations have grown up on both comics and rock now without any noticeable deterioration of intellect or morals, despite frantic warnings to the contrary; sixties rock is played as Muzak now in elevators and department stores, its threatening aspects forgotten by new generations to whom its appeal is nostalgic.

Just as the sequential-art medium (comics, to you) is capable of conveying any message from the crassest of superheroics to biblical tales, rock has become many things to many people. For the French, rock seems to evoke a lot of nostalgia for the fifties, an attitude most clearly illustrated in Dominic Hé's "The Theft of the Golden Hit," where an entire rock-culture society, "apres Elvis," is postulated. (Fifties rock is also brilliantly symbolized in Dick Matena's "Heartbreak Hotel," which tells the Elvis Presley story better than the

continued on page 96

Ted White

Julie Simmons

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CHAIN MAIL

Dear Mr. White:

What is *this*? Already the second issue without any Moebius! And where is Corben's "Bloodstar," which is out for sometime in France and here in Germany?

Matthias Kupper
West Germany

So, we let two issues slip by without anything from Moebius. . . but you'll notice he was back with our July issue, after a short rest. As for "Bloodstar," the version you saw in France and Germany is the black and white version. We'll be publishing "Bloodstar" in full color, soon.—TW

Heavy Metal:

Unfortunately, I've been exposed to too many issues of *Heavy Metal*. It takes little time to realize that most of the illustrations in *Heavy Metal* are done by men!

I would like to enjoy such a left wing, excellent work of illustrations and stories, however I feel it is incredibly and horribly sexist! The countries of the world have so many magazines for grossly sex-starved and lustful males . . . why not appeal to the opposite sex?

I feel the few women involved in the production of *Heavy Metal* should step in and slice some of that large chunk of sex and exposure!

If your male staff is offended by more nudity of the male sex, why do they fail to understand my viewpoint? I say more male nudity or less sex altogether.

If this letter is not printed, it will extend my feelings that *Heavy Metal* is biased and cowardice.

Karen Rice
University of Arizona
Journalism Major
English Major
Canadian citizen

In addition to being bad English, that last line of yours was a cheap shot, Karen. We had a go-around not unlike this a year or two ago, and we thought that everything necessary had been said. For the record, this male editor is not in the least offended by male nudity, nor does he regard nudity per se as "sexist." But since our staff is fifty-percent female, I'll turn this response over to our Executive Editor.—TW

Time and again I find myself righteously defending HM for whatever reason there might be. Whether it be violence, nudity, or sexism, the cards are invariably stacked against us.

HM has its violent moments, and its naked moments, and, yes, at times even its sexist moments. But more often than not both sexes are equally ravaged and wanton. We do not descriminate. We're downright ornery toward everyone. But please, do not confuse nudity with sexism. A "lustful male" and/or woman does not a sexist make.

As far as female contributors go, we are always looking for good women artists and writers. Come join Lee Marrs, Trina, Nicole Clavelous, Chantal Montellier, Mandryka, Christy Marx, Carol Donner and all the other women on the HM staff. Submissions are eagerly solicited.—Julie Simmons

Dear *HM*:

I noticed among the letters to *Chain Mail* [July] a plea for more foreign comics in translation, especially "Valentina." As it happens, I got started on Italian fumetti while studying in Italy. Now several friends, also comic and SF fans, and myself run an ad hoc translation service specializing in individual translations.

Our services are available to any of your readers who will send a xerox or other copy of original material to me at the address below for estimated cost. We feature *any* language—even Chinese—and speedy service at reasonable prices.

Catherine Oliven
1044 W. Sheridan Rd., 3A
Chicago, IL 60626

We'll be starting a "Valentina" story here in our December issue, but I'm sure many of our readers will still want to take you up on your offer.—TW

The following poem was sent to us in response to the work of H. R. Giger, whose paintings are featured on our cover and in the "Gallery Section" of our June issue:

Excesses

She appears,
an insidious whisper in dream:
that half-starved blonde
with the fly away hair,
so nearly white.

Her muscles tense,
like bands of tough rubber
in her long and delicate legs.

Her bones are exquisite,
displaying their utter perfection
under anemic skin, drawn on
over her deathly emaciation
with painful tugs an tightness
like a surgeon's glove.

Her eyes bulge from their sockets
in believable terror
from her mean little face.

And were she not crucified,
as she is, on those steam pipes
along the walls of that starkly
immaculate sewer, she would undoubtedly
bite us the first chance she got
with her needle sharp little teeth.

Even that bloated, monstrous snake
that seeps down through the coils
of a heavy spring, draws back
his head as if in apprehension.

And the great heavy door
of a giant safe that holds the horde
of all Swiss banks, locks in
obstinately a load of many unfit secrets,
like whatever nasty thing it was
which traumatized the artist's mother
just before she bore him,
or the true nature of the obscenities
which so obsessed his dreams
and probably which do so now.

Barbara A. Holland
New York, NY

Friends:

I am, as I have been since *Heavy Metal*'s birth, very impressed with the quality of your artwork. I have noticed requests from other readers in the *Chain Mail* column, however, asking for more American artists, as well as for a feature which "goes the limit." With these requests in mind, please consider publishing some of S. Clay Wilson's work, particularly "Travelin' Assassin" (*Zap Comix #9*—which is currently out of print). This story is saturated with the most bizarre and explicit sex and violence ever represented on paper. It would be absolutely astounding printed in color. While Wilson's graphic representations may be a bit much for your newer readers, I believe that your truly dedicated fans would appreciate his artistic genius. As a friend of mine is fond of saying: "No balls—no glory."

Yours in support of moral decadence in artwork,

Bob Vega
New Orleans, LA

I've admired Wilson's work for years—since his first appearance in Zap, in fact—but I've not seen a story which "goes the limit" (whatever that limit may be) is as appropriate to HM as it is to an avowedly underground comic. What do the rest of you think?—TW

Dear Fellow Readers (especially anti-Stathis groups):

The recent criticisms and general flak Mr. Stathis has been receiving seem to have reached a doubtful plateau of self-indulgence on the part of those who find it necessary to criticize his *Musick* columns and also those who adhere to the premise that music has no place in a publication dealing primarily with illustrated novelettes. Then again, these *Chain Mail* responses just may be an indication that Lou Stathis is finally beginning to become recognized as a music/rock critic of some note. I mean, isn't notoriety reserved only for those read widely or listened to enough? Like ever—Howard Cosell!?

However, when his column first appeared, I was rather skeptical of his liberties in the spelling of certain historical words—"musick" and "rok," some others, too—and thought him pretty unimaginative if this was his idea of their spelling in, say, 2080. "Music" has been spelled "music" for centuries, and "rock" has only been in existence for three decades. *I* think "rock" will be spelled "rock" when they're taking bids for ice removal from Europa! Assuming Lou's preference for New-Wave-Techno-Pop-Punk-Power, though, I suspect he's just attempting to give old, cliché, words a new, if not cosmetic, modern look and feel—and there's no harm in that. Why, in the *Yellow Pages* even places to drink are now labeled "rate" clubs!

As far as I can tell, Lou's not bad at analyzing what's going on—no, not just *what's* going on but *why* and *how*. When he provides a brief profile of the band's/musician's background, and general attitudes and politics of their country/area/state, he gives us a foundation of knowledge that will enhance our understanding of the related musical piece.

Actually, at first I figured I'd become one of his critics because the onslaught of punk and new wave was overwhelming my respect for new rock, and at the same time convincing me it was a first strike media attack. I'm a fifteen-year-old guitarist "learned" on Beatles, Stones, Kinks, Yardbirds, Who, and—my ultimate—Led Zeppelin. Very few tunes written "back then" were as lyrically explicit in political opinion or social comment as songs are today. Even the "psychedelic explosion" with its radical new lifestyle and music style tended to metaphor or to foggily analogize the new trends in drugs, sex, appearance, values and virtues of its supporters. Then again, 1966 was fourteen years ago and FCC standards, record corporation standards, public acceptance of unadorned commentary, and even the ease of getting concert licenses has broadened the base from which original music can be disseminated. As for Mr. Stathis's concept of "rok," I think much of his futuristic leaning can be attributed to synthesizers, octave splitters, tapeless analog delays, phasing devices, fuzztones, and the whole new spectrum of new, computerized, electronic technology as applied to electric music. That's what "rok" means to me—a traditional combo of tribal rhythm complexities, basic philosophical rambling put to some sort of verse, and a gut-level, *identifiable* way of vocalizing. All of this is musically and visually brought into being by the latest in media innovations brought on by state-of-the-art technology. I believe this is rock evolution and those that don't like that thought, but still like *HM*, just don't have to read the *Musick* column. They can utilize that reading time listening to Debbie Boone on AM-*wow!*-radio.

To wind things up, I just think that a magazine like *HM* should have an off-the-wall music reviewer if only because he's needed to provide future thought. More than it already has, in decades to come music—especially this "rok"—is going to provide the attitudes, ponderings and values of the kids that listen to it. Remember, the majority of record consumers are in the eleven to twenty-five year age group. "Rok" may eventually become a media adhesive to bind together generations of this never-ending group of impressionables until certain (whatever they may be) concepts are mass-assimilated.

If writers like Lou Stathis can keep tabs on this development and provide us with insights to its future, he's providing the journalistic equivalent of any avant-garde cartoonist or novelist who tries to offer food for thought. Even if new music turns out to be a means to homogenize minds into an ambivalent, sedated one-mindedness, it's *HM*'s job to catalogue its development through fine, intelligent writers like Lou Stathis.

Michael Lock
San Diego, CA

As long as we can escape control by the state of our media and entertainment, I doubt that new music will ever be "a means to homogenize minds into. . .sedated one-mindedness." There's just too much diversity of desire and taste.—TW

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COMIX

Illustration by Hunt Emerson

Jay Kinney

Rockin' Comics

Ring. RING! Huh? Whuzzat? The phone. Hey! Somebody turn down the stereo, would you?

Yes? Oh, hi, Ted. What's that you say? You want a column on Rock and Comics for the special rock issue of *HM*? Sure thing. Yeah. Bye!

Rock and Comics, eh? You know, it's a funny thing but most cartoonists I know don't even listen to that much rock. Blues? Sure. Country-western, old swing 78s, jazz, salsa, classical...hell, Spiegelman listens to talk-radio...but rock? Not too many.

There are some exceptions, of course, and many of them have strips in this issue—but most of those guys are French, and I don't even speak the language.

So, ever on the lookout for a reason to visit England, I hightailed it over to that benighted isle and tracked down two cartoonists who not only listen to rock but draw about it, too. Enter Savage Pencil and Hunt Emerson.

Savage Pencil (real name: Edwin Pouncey) draws the "Rock 'n' Roll Zoo" strip each week in *Sounds*, one of England's top rock tabloids. (Eng-

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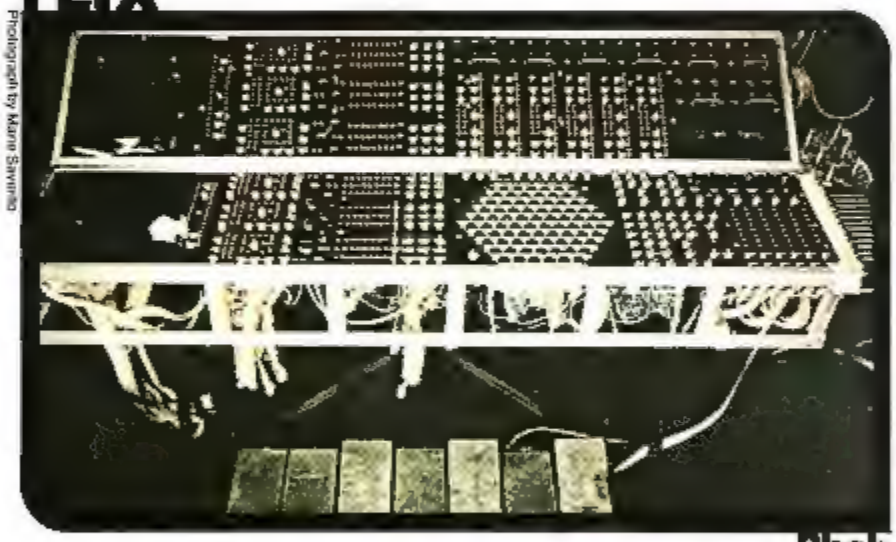
FLIX



Photograph by Mario Savinelli

Bhob

When the music's over
Turn out the lights
Turn out the lights
Turn out the lights

Pink Floyd, in 1980, was up against *The Wall*—a real one made from 340 polystyrene bricks, each weighing five pounds. This concert tour had only a few play dates (Los Angeles, Long Island, London) because of the expense involved in transporting and staging the elaborate effects for a show some considered the peak of rock theatrics.

The Wall, assembled during the performances, measured 210 feet wide by thirty-five feet high. Overhead, characters from the songs appeared as giant balloon caricatures while an eighteen-foot cardboard airplane zoomed over the audience to smash into the Wall. In the second half, part of the Wall crumbled to expose a college-dorm set where bassist Roger Waters, singing "Nobody Home," sat watching the Olympics on TV. Then, a huge pig—a thirty-foot balloon with lights in its eye sockets—floated forth. The Wall, as it was constructed, served as a movie screen for animation, interspersed throughout by British cartoonist Gerald Scarfe (who in 1974 won the Zagreb Fest's "best first film by a newcomer" prize with *A Long Drawn Out Trip*, a twenty-minute animated account of his USA visit, made for BBC–TV). Scarfe, who previously worked with Pink Floyd on their 1977 tour, also designed the *Wall* record jacket and the *Wall in Concert* ads. In Scarfe's animation (which was excerpted for television promotional spots) a frustrated youth is beaten down by maddening authoritarian pressures—depicted as unending rows of towering, dominating ham-

continued on page 81

SF

Illustration by J. Torelli

Photograph by Maggie Hirsch

Steve Brown

His youth stands up between his thighs,
Achin' to spread the disease called life.
He's a natural-born rocker, he's a citizen shocker,
An animal that breathes rock'n'roll.
When his eyes heat up, you know your heart goes cold.

—"Natural-Born Rocker"
by John Shirley

John Shirley lives in the city. He thrives on monoxide. His feet are happiest when slapping night pavement. Nicotine is his incense; a filthy

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MUZICK

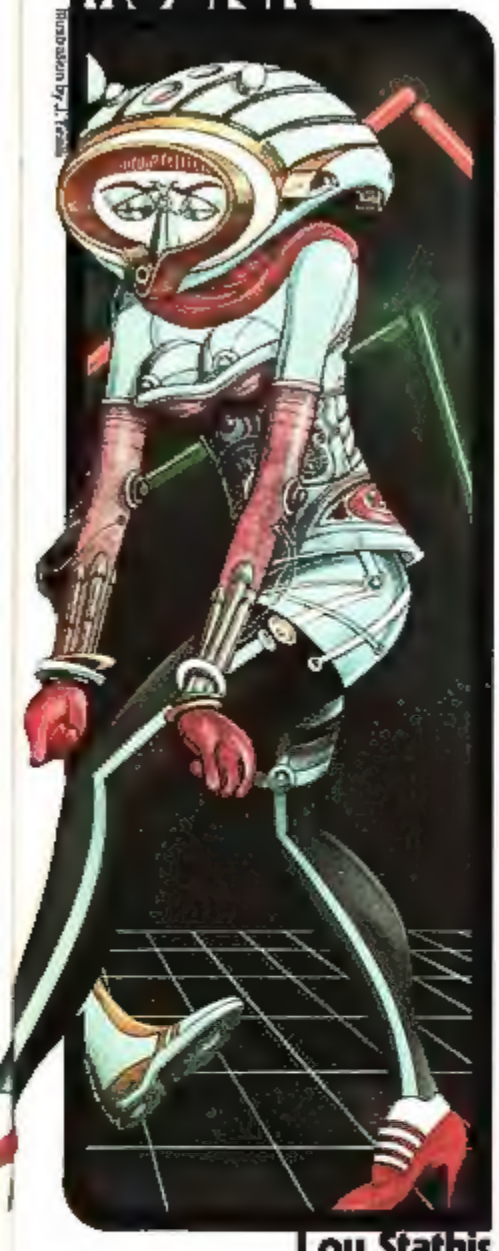

Illustration by J. Fenelli

Lou Stathis

I tried to read a book recently. I'm sure most of you find that a shocking admission, but—let's be honest here—I have been known on occasion to remove the stereo wires from these battered veins long enough to give my brain's verbal-recognition center a bit of a workout. Must keep in shape. The book with which I so valiantly tussled was something called *Stranded: Rock & Roll for a Desert Island*, edited by Greil Marcus and published last year by Alfred A. Knopf. *Stranded*'s reasoning goes something like this: why not ask twenty of our most esteemed, elder-statesman rok critics to whiffle off a few thousand words about the one album they would choose to accompany them in hypothetical exile?

Putting aside for the moment both the essential stupidity of that idea when taken at its most literal, and as well my attack-dog-snarl instinct, triggered by most rok critics (intellectuals who almost invariably choose the least interesting music to glorify), I could see *Stranded* had a chance of being a readable book. So, in all open-minded innocence, I picked the thing up to read—and quickly felt my gut sink to shin level.

What incredibly tedious bullshit this book is. I read the first couple of essays and ascertained that the records chosen by these accredited paragons of good taste and cool reason were, with few exceptions, the most pedestrian examples of mainstream rok imaginable—stuff like Bruce Springsteen, the Eagles, Linda Ronstadt, Neil Young, Van Morrison . . . Am I making you as sick as I'm making myself? My problem with this sort of music is its safety of vision, the way it time and again refuses to go beyond its own little world for inspiration. Equally important in rok is passion—and on the rare occasions when these five persons even approach real emotion (the last two are the only ones who seem capable of that), the music they choose to set it to is so unrelievedly conservative, so unimaginative, that any effect they hope to achieve is foreordained to fall within a very limited area. I would hope that intelligent people couldn't listen to this stuff once, never mind to the exclusion of all else!

Flipping past the listless prose and wearisome intellectualizing (is that the foul stench of textbook assaulting my nostrils?), I came upon this volume's crowning insult: the section called "Treasure Island," which contains Marcus's own list of essential rok records, judged "in terms of spirit, not sales" (his words). Along with stuff any rok junkie would include (you know which those are), we find such history-making items as Blue Swede's "Hooked on a Feeling," Boston's "More than a Feeling," Dr. Hook's "Carry Me, Carrie," Grand Funk Railroad's "We're an American Band," Heart's "Crazy on You," Steve Miller's *Children of the Future*, Tom Petty's "American Girl," *Boz Scaggs*, Ringo's "It Don't Come Easy," John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John's "You're the One That I Want," and the offhanded assertion that *Manfred Mann's Earth Band* was that "decade's most successful attempt at 'progressive' music." As offensive as I find that collection of lame throwaways (and laughable that statement), it didn't make me half as angry as what Marcus decided to leave out. Omitted is any mention of Brian Eno (the three Roxy Music entries are all post-Eno), King Crimson, Genesis, the Soft Machine, Robert Wyatt (whose *Rock Bottom* is a top contender for the one record I could listen to forever), Kevin Ayers, Pink Floyd, the Bonzo Dog Band, Can, Van Der Graaf Generator, Little Feat, Van Dyke Parks, Todd Rundgren (in any of his incarnations), Ultravox, Yes, XTC, Faust, the Talking Heads, and even Lothar and the Hand

continued on page 67

SIDEBAR

PERFECT MUSIC by Dr. Progresso

Somewhere deep in the inner recesses of my mind exists the Perfect Music. Unformed, inchoate, and perfect. All my life I've been looking for the external realization of that music.

When I was a kid I heard echoes of it in music as diverse as the blues, "modern" Russians like Prokofiev, and the atonal experiments of Schoenberg. When I was old enough to buy records I bought singles by Les Paul & Mary Ford (Les Paul invented both the modern electric guitar and overdubbing; Ampex built their first multitrack tape recorder for Les Paul), and a ten-inch album called *New Discoveries in Music* by the Sauter-Finegan Orchestra. I played that record as many as one hundred times a day on my cheap little Webcor phono. The rising, wordless female vocal on "April in Paris" sent shivers down my spine when I cranked the Webcor up to its puny full volume.

Then it was Duke Ellington, and, through Ellington, jazz, and, through jazz, Charles Mingus. For more than ten years Mingus's music came closest to realizing my ideal, my Perfect Music.

In 1964 the Beach Boys came along with a catchy little single called "I Get Around." Unorthodox in form, full of incredible vocal harmonies, and a precursor to Brian Wilson's *Pet Sounds* period, it blew me away. (The flip side, "Don't Worry, Baby," was less spectacular, but probably a better song.) I'd been listening to Stravinsky a lot that summer; the Beach Boys fit right in. Each had an aspect of the Perfect Music.

Then, at the end of the sixties, I heard King Crimson. It took a while for me to shed the last vestiges of my jazz snobbery (although alone among my compatriots in the jazz-critic biz, I'd appreciated rock for its own values and not condescended toward it); at first I heard *In the Court of the Crimson King* as badly attempted jazz-rock and failed utterly to grasp what they were up to. It took

continued on page 69

SENTINEL

SENTINEL

Steel Couture by Syd Mead, text by Strother MacMinn

Syd Mead is a visualizer of the American Dream. He takes the year A.D. 2000 as his time and space reference, designing the cluster-pod housing, computer-guided automobiles, walking trucks, 3-D laseramas, space stations, and outrageous space colonial alien contact suits that will be ever present in the ultramodern world. His design technique is the only one possible for a futurist; he shapes the future in order to predict it.

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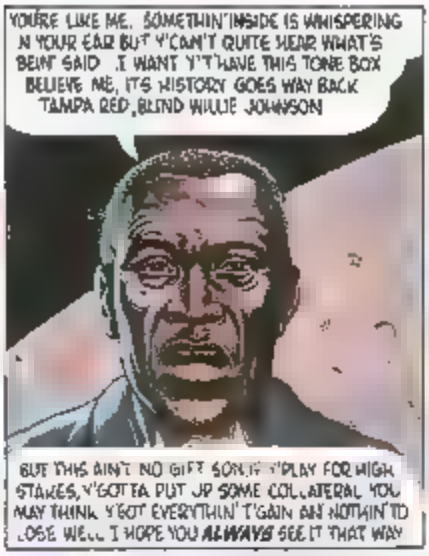
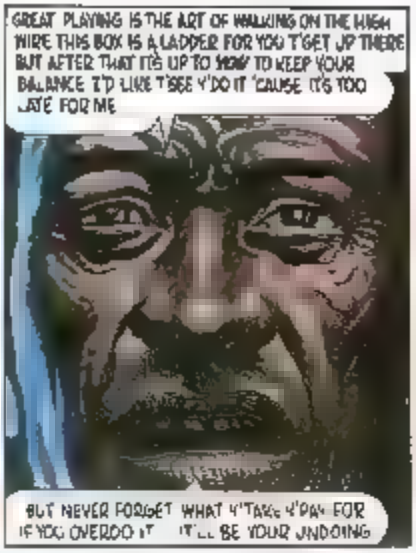
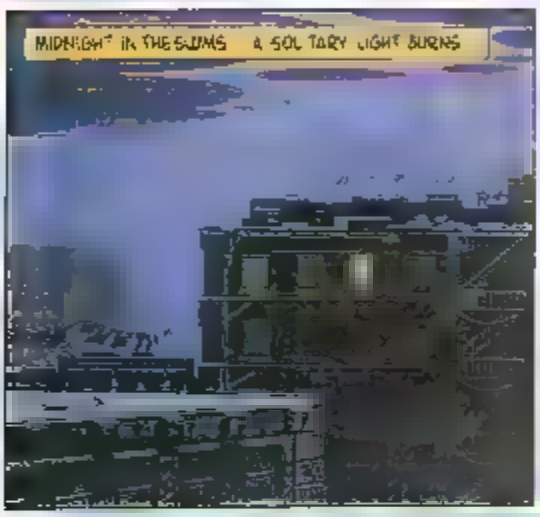
ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A SECOND RATE GUITARIST..
IN A SECOND RATE BAND
FOR YEARS HE EKED OUT A LIVING AT A BARELY ENOUGH TO DROWN HIS FRUSTRATIONS AND FEED HIS DREAMS.
HE PLAYED DEADBEAT GIGS TO UNDISCERNING AUDIENCES FOR PEANUTS
PAY PEANUTS, GET MONKEYS
BECAUSE HIS HANDS COULD NOT EXPRESS THE FEELINGS HE HAD DEEP INSIDE
THOUGH SOMETIMES THEY DID BETTER THAN USUAL
VAAA!
NOT AGAIN!
HEY, MAN, FUCK THE ARTIST STEAL TV THAT'S MY GUITAR

AIN'T THE GUITAR'S FAULT, SON.
I KNOW THAT'S WHY I SMASHED IT
SON I'VE BEEN ON THE ROAD ALL MY LIFE SINGIN THE BLUES AND IF THERE'S ONE THING I'VE LEARNED IT'S THIS
IF YOU WANNA MAKE REAL MUSIC THERE'S TWO THINGS YOU NEED
SCARS ON YOUR FACE LIKE THIS
AND THIS!
A BOX HA HA HA
AIN'T YOU HEARD OF THE LEGEND?
LEGEND?
YOU AIN'T HEARD OF
THE LEGEND OF THE MAGIC TONE BOX
AS DICTATED BY THE STAR-CROSSED SPIRITS OF JOPLIN, HENDRIX & ALTO MUTE FEENEY AND DRAWN IN BLOOD BETWEEN MIDNIGHT RAMBLINGS BY ANGUS MAYHEW
4"
6"
A SIMPLE METAL BOX WITH NO RIVETS OR WELDS AND ONLY TWO JACKS LABELED ANISOTROPICALLY 'IN' AND 'OUT'
WITH THE TITLE SHOWN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE 2nd PAGE BOLDLY CHALLENGING TRADITIONALLY ACCEPTED NARRATIVE CONVENTIONS IN SEQUENTIAL ART !!
IMAGE COMICS

MAGIC TONE BOX ?? MAN I DON'T BELIEVE IN MAGIC.
WHY? Y'BELIEVE IN MIRACLES? Y'CAN'T FOOL ME, KID IF YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD NEVER MAKE IT, WHY HAVEN'T YOU STOPPED COMPLAININ' AND QUIETLY ACCEPTED YOUR FATE?
I'LL TELL YOU WHY

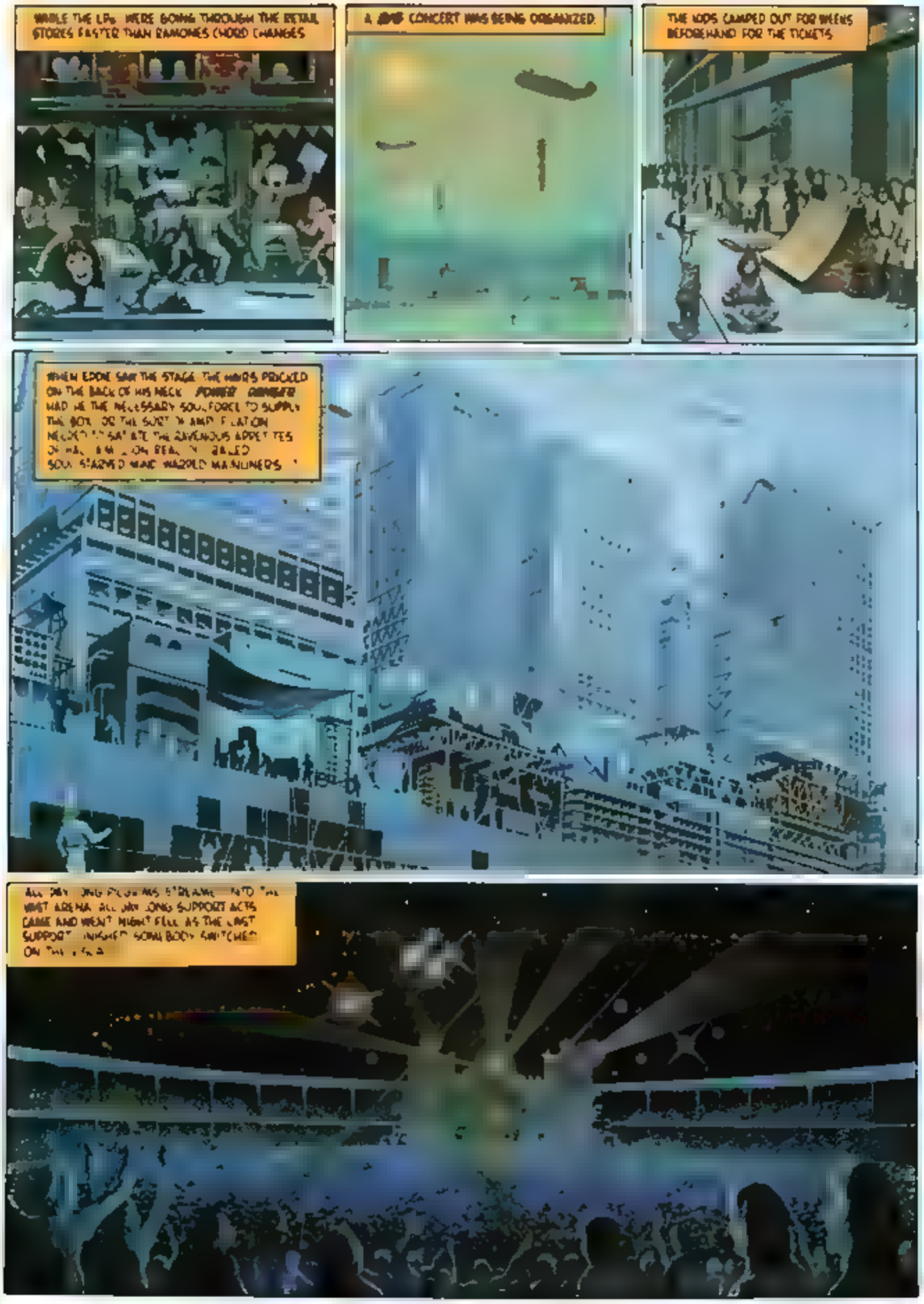

YOU'RE LIKE ME. SOMETHIN' INSIDE IS WHISPERING IN YOUR EAR BUT Y'CAN'T QUITE HEAR WHAT'S BEIN' SAID. I WANT Y'T'HAVE THIS TONE BOX BELIEVE ME, IT'S HISTORY GOES WAY BACK TAMPA RED, BLIND WILLIE JOHNSON
BUT THIS AIN'T NO GIFT SON. IF Y'PLAY FOR HIGH STAKES, Y'GOTTA PUT UP SOME COLLATERAL YOU MAY THINK Y'GOT EVERYTHIN' T'GAIN AN' NOTHIN' TO LOSE WELL I HOPE YOU ALWAYS SEE IT THAT WAY

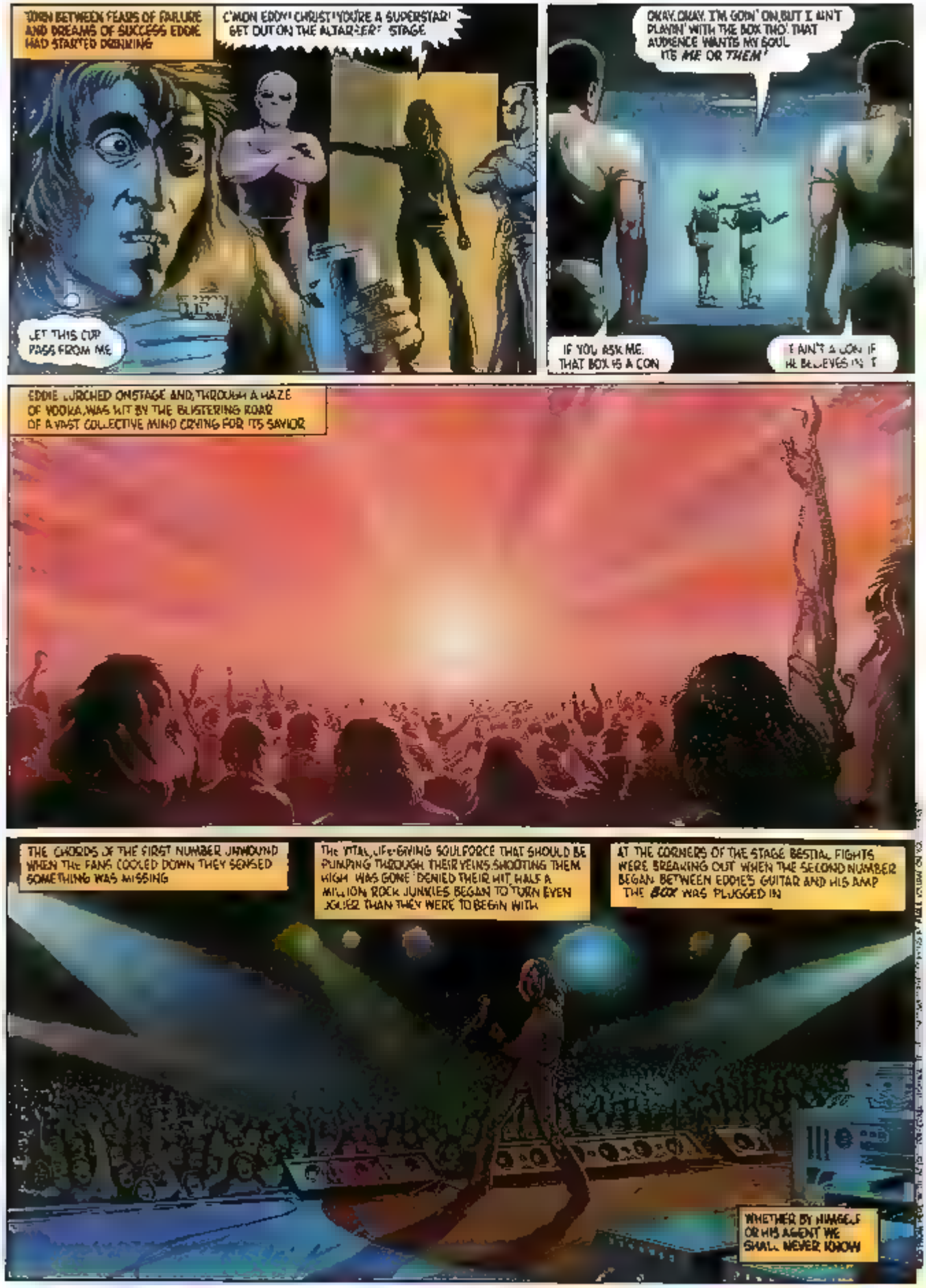

GREAT PLAYING IS THE ART OF WALKING ON THE HIGH WIRE THIS BOX IS A LADDER FOR YOU T'GET UP THERE BUT AFTER THAT IT'S UP TO YOU TO KEEP YOUR BALANCE I'D LIKE T'SEE Y'DO IT 'CAUSE IT'S TOO LATE FOR ME
BUT NEVER FORGET WHAT Y'TAKE Y'PAY FOR IF YOU OVERDO IT IT'LL BE YOUR UNDOING

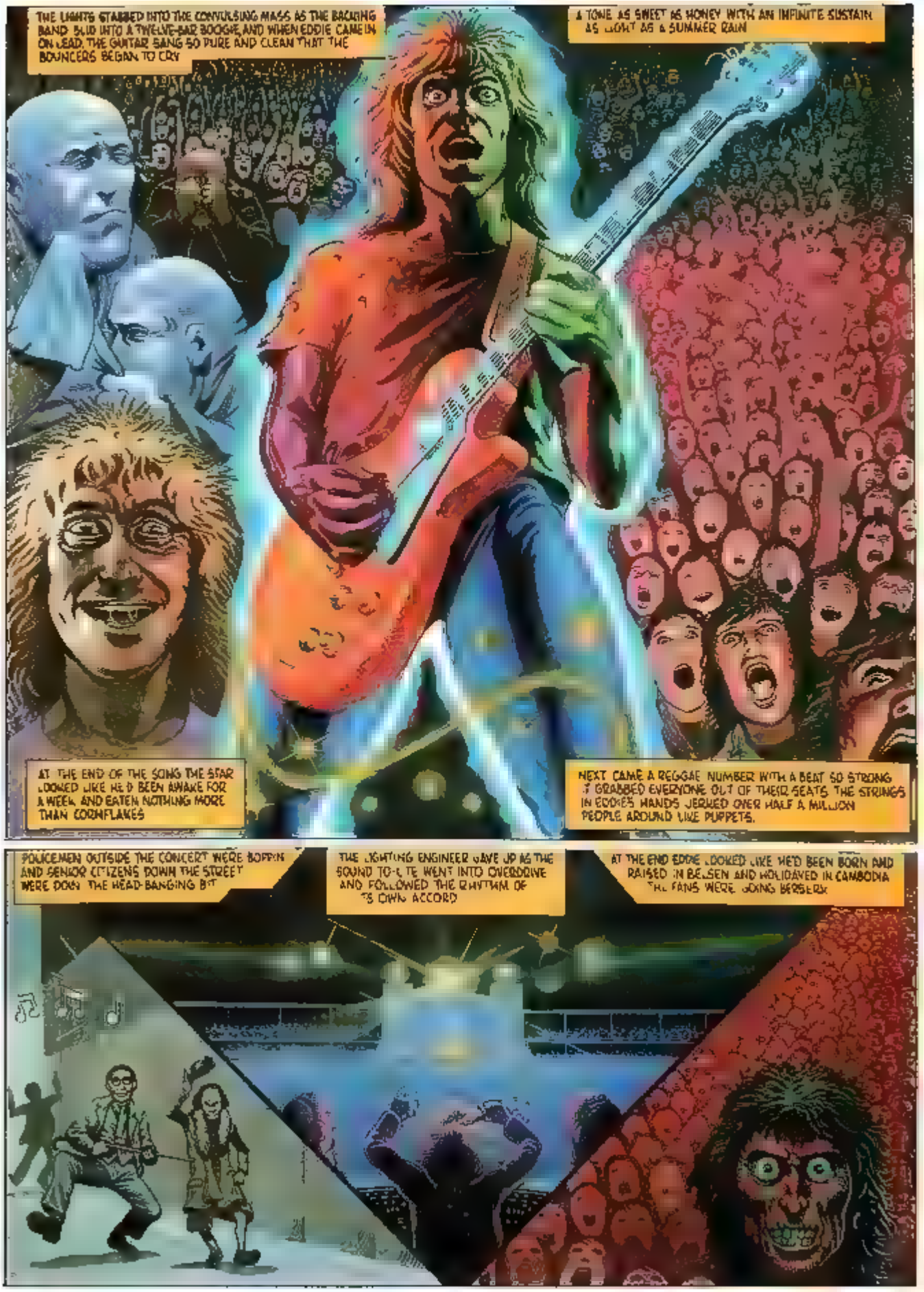

MIDNIGHT IN THE SLUMS A SOLITARY LIGHT BURNS

INCREDIBLE! THAT OLD GUY WASN'T JOKING!
Tamlish Blues

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT EDDIE PLAYED AS HE HAD NEVER PLAYED BEFORE
"TURN THAT FUCKIN' GODDAMN AWFUL SHIT DOWN!"
HIS INNER SELF SLIPPED OUT THROUGH THE BARS
PATHETIC PHILISTINES THOSE WHO RECOGNIZE GENIUS WHETHERS HAVE GENIUS WITHIN THEM LIKE THE POOR IN BODY THE POOR IN SPIRIT WILL ALWAYS BE WITH US
THE EARLY LIGHT OF DAWN THREW INTO RELIEF A GAUNT DRAWN FACE
AND WERE THOSE GRAY MARKS UNDER HIS EYES THE BEGINNINGS OF DEEP LINES?
FOR THE FIRST TIME EDDIE GOT HIS SHIT TOGETHER HE MULT-TRACKED A DEMO TAPE
AND WAS IMMEDIATELY SIGNED UP BY A MAJOR RECORD COMPANY
WHO HAD HIM IN THE STUDIO WITHIN FORTY EIGHT HOURS
WITHIN A WEEK THEY'D PRESSED AN ALBUM THAT MADE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON SOUND LIKE AN OLD SEVENTY-EIGHT, MADE TUBULAR BELLS SOUND LIKE A KAZOO DUET, AND WAS HAILED AS THE SGT. PEPPER'S OF THE EIGHTIES ...

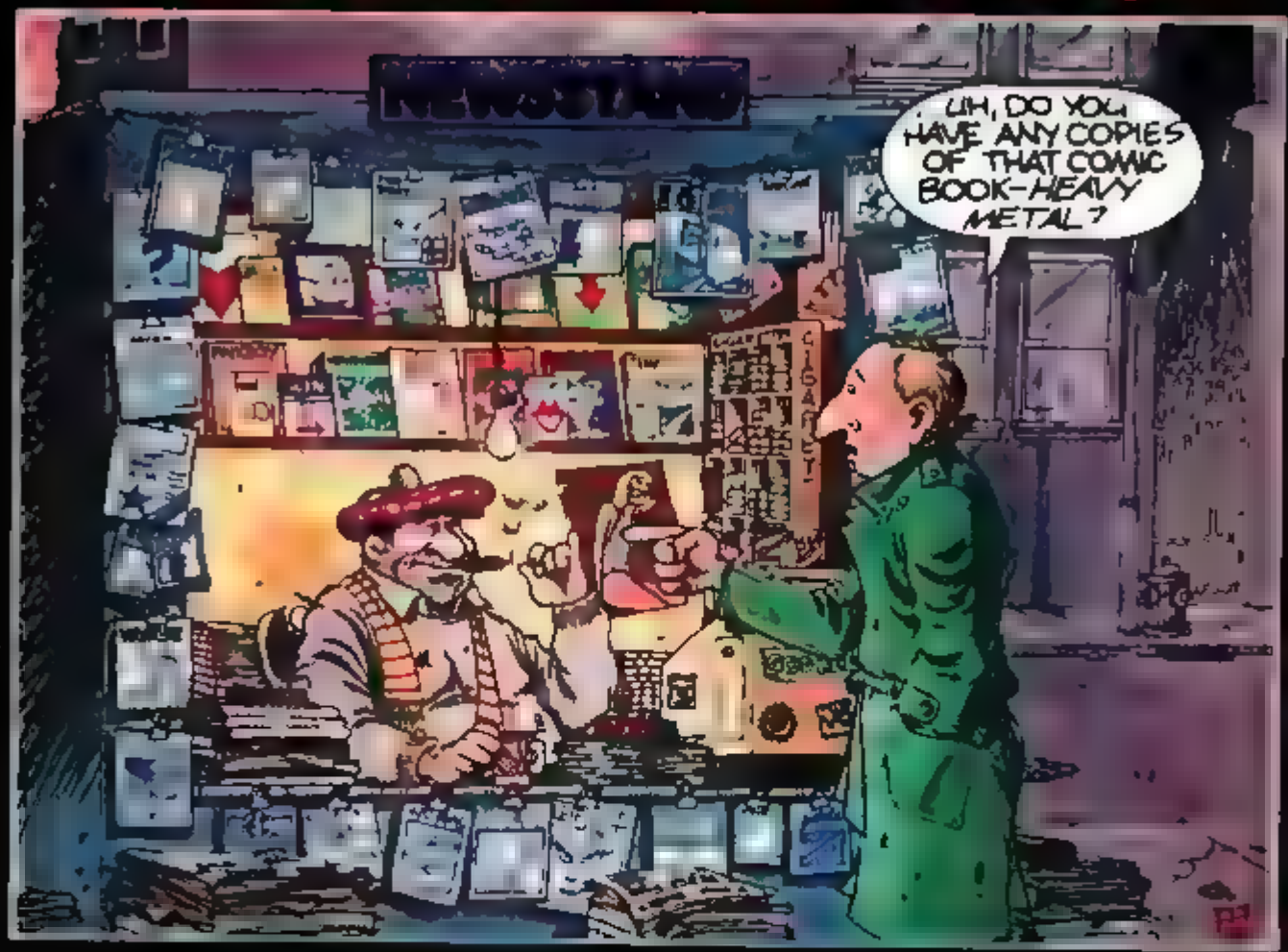

WHILE THE LPs WERE GOING THROUGH THE RETAIL STORES FASTER THAN RAMONES CHORD CHANGES
A [illegible] CONCERT WAS BEING ORGANIZED
THE KIDS CAMPED OUT FOR WEEKS BEFOREHAND FOR THE TICKETS
WHEN EDDIE SAW THE STAGE THE HAIRS PRICKED ON THE BACK OF HIS NECK [illegible] HAD HE THE NECESSARY SOUL FORCE TO SUPPLY THE BOYS OF THE SUET 'N AMP FLATION
SOUL STARVED MAKE WAZOLD MARINERS
ALL DAY LONG PEOPLE WERE STREAMING INTO THE WEST ARENA ALL DAY LONG SUPPORT ACTS CAME AND WENT NIGHT FELL AS THE LAST SUPPORT [illegible]


TORN BETWEEN FEARS OF FAILURE AND DREAMS OF SUCCESS EDDIE HAD STARTED DRINKING
C'MON EDDY! CHRIST! YOU'RE A SUPERSTAR! GET OUT ON THE ALTAR-ER- STAGE
LET THIS CUP PASS FROM ME
OKAY, OKAY. I'M GOIN' ON, BUT I AIN'T PLAYIN' WITH THE BOX THO'. THAT AUDIENCE WANTS MY SOUL ITS ME OR THEM!
IF YOU ASK ME. THAT BOX IS A CON
I AIN'T A CON IF HE BELIEVES IN IT
EDDIE LURCHED ONSTAGE AND, THROUGH A HAZE OF VODKA, WAS HIT BY THE BLISTERING ROAR OF A VAST COLLECTIVE MIND CRYING FOR ITS SAVIOR
THE CHORDS OF THE FIRST NUMBER JAMMOUND WHEN THE FANS COOLED DOWN THEY SENSED SOMETHING WAS MISSING
THE VITAL, LIFE-GIVING SOULFORCE THAT SHOULD BE PUMPING THROUGH THEIR VEINS, SHOOTING THEM HIGH WAS GONE! DENIED THEIR HIT, HALF A MILLION ROCK JUNKIES BEGAN TO TURN EVEN SOULIER THAN THEY WERE TO BEGIN WITH
AT THE CORNERS OF THE STAGE BESTIAL FIGHTS WERE BREAKING OUT WHEN THE SECOND NUMBER BEGAN BETWEEN EDDIE'S GUITAR AND HIS AMP THE BOX WAS PLUGGED IN
WHETHER BY HUNGER OR HIS AGENT WE SHALL NEVER KNOW


THE LIGHTS STABBED INTO THE CONVULSING MASS AS THE BACKING BAND SLID INTO A TWELVE-BAR BOOGIE, AND WHEN EDDIE CAME IN ON LEAD, THE GUITAR SANG SO PURE AND CLEAN THAT THE BOUNCERS BEGAN TO CRY
A TONE AS SWEET AS HONEY WITH AN INFINITE SUSTAIN AS LIGHT AS A SUMMER RAIN
AT THE END OF THE SONG THE STAR LOOKED LIKE HE'D BEEN AWAKE FOR A WEEK AND EATEN NOTHING MORE THAN CORNFLAKES
NEXT CAME A REGGAE NUMBER WITH A BEAT SO STRONG IT GRABBED EVERYONE OUT OF THEIR SEATS. THE STRINGS IN EDDIE'S HANDS JERKED OVER HALF A MILLION PEOPLE AROUND LIKE PUPPETS.
POLICEMEN OUTSIDE THE CONCERT WERE BOPPIN AND SENIOR CITIZENS DOWN THE STREET WERE DOIN THE HEAD-BANGING BIT
THE LIGHTING ENGINEER GAVE UP AS THE SOUND TECH WENT INTO OVERDRIVE AND FOLLOWED THE RHYTHM OF ITS OWN ACCORD
AT THE END EDDIE LOOKED LIKE HE'D BEEN BORN AND RAISED IN BELSEN AND HOLIDAYED IN CAMBODIA THE FANS WERE GOING BERSERK

HIS PATHETIC DECAYING BODY POSSESSED BY SOME BERSERK NON COMPOS MENTIS ALIEN DEMON, THE MEGASTAR BEGAN TO PLAY
THE GUITAR BLASTED OUT PURE UNADULTERATED HEAVY METAL SO LOUD THE SPEAKERS CABINETS WERE CRUMBLING TO DUST
HIGHWAY TO
THE TONE WAS SO RAW AND DIRTY THAT PRIESTS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD CHURCHES RAN FOR THE CONFESSIONAL. BEGAN BLUSHING
THE SOUND WAS SO INTENSE THAT THE LASERS WERE HAVING TROUBLE IN CUTTING THROUGH DRY ICE AND THE NOW AUTONOMOUS LIGHTS MADE THE STAGE LOOK LIKE A PAINTING BY BOSCH
THE ROAR OF THE CROWD ROSE TO ORGASMIC INTENSITY AS HE HIT THE FINAL CHORD, EDDIE LEAPT INTO THE AIR
AND FELL ALL THE WAY DOWN
ONE OF THE TRULY GREAT PERFORMANCES, EDDIE. YOU PASSED THE AUDITION YOU'RE IN MY BAND NOW

SHAME ON YOU!



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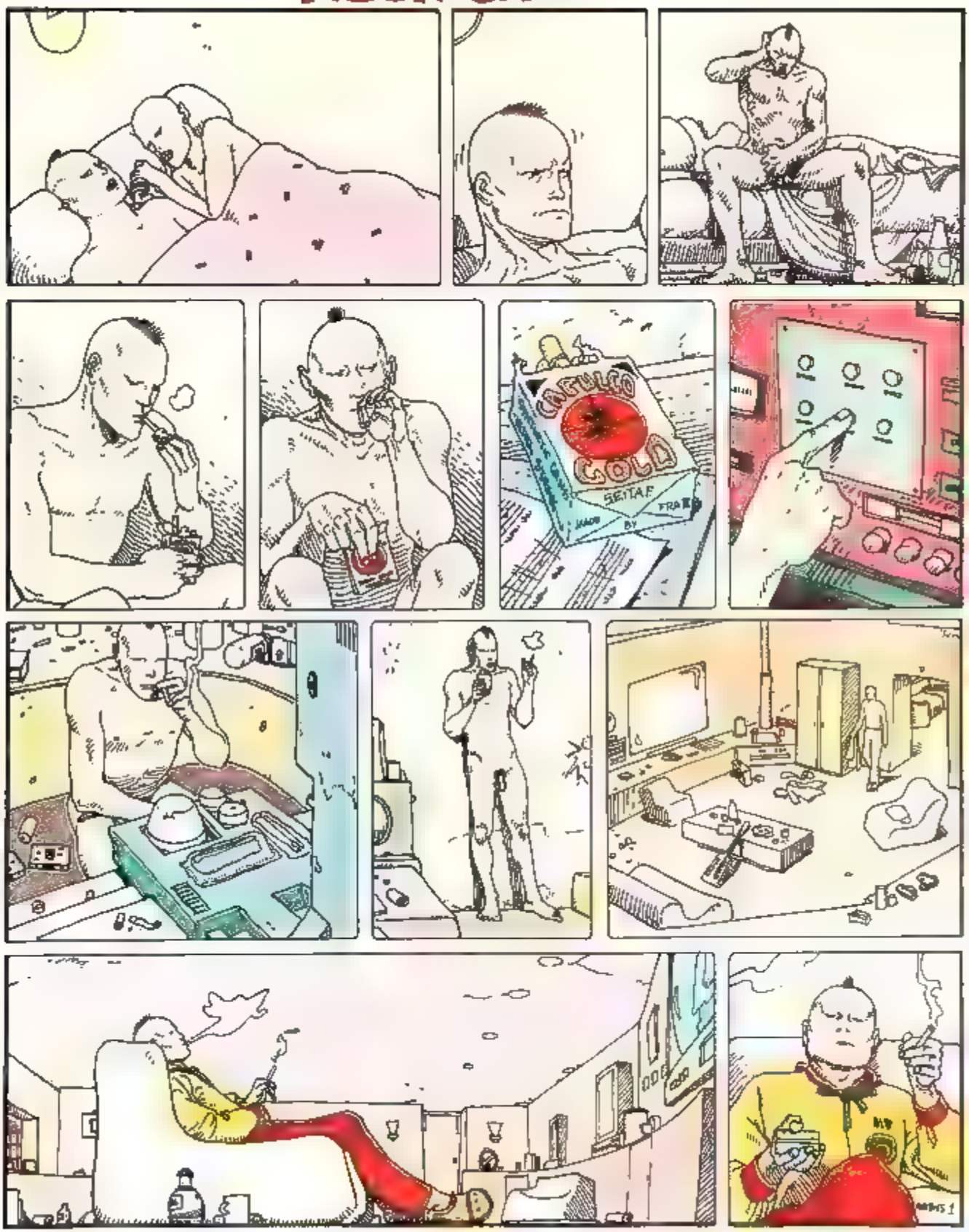

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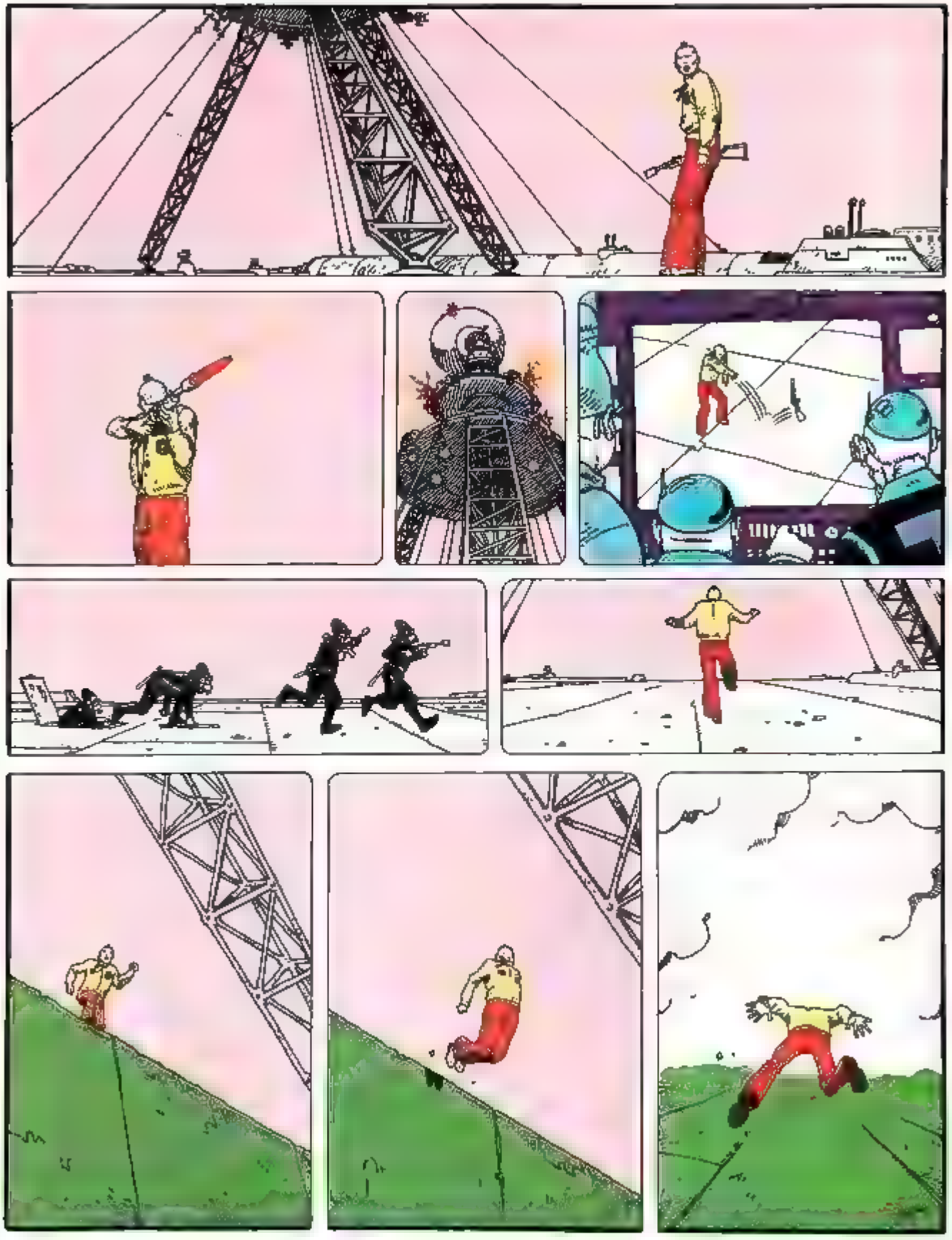

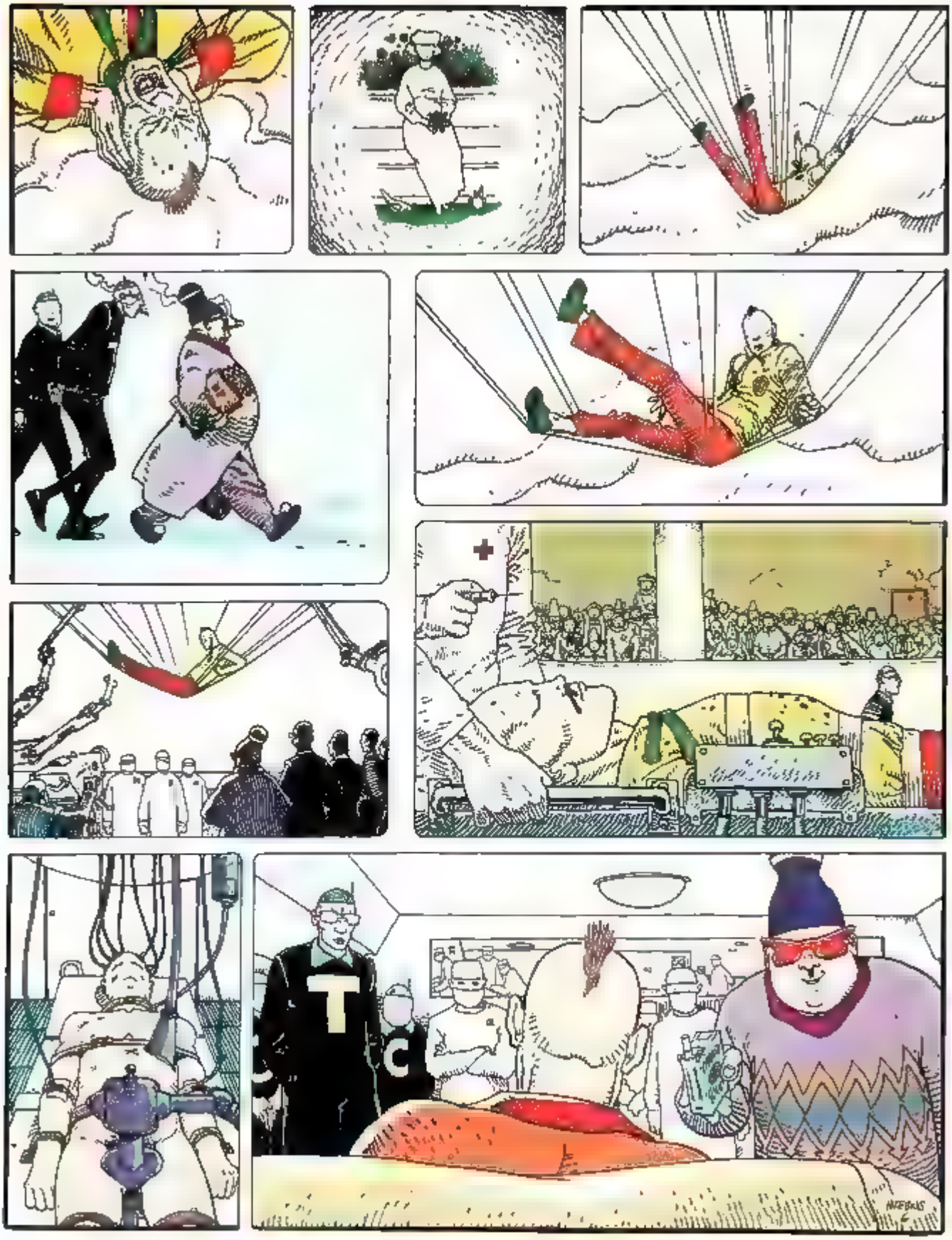
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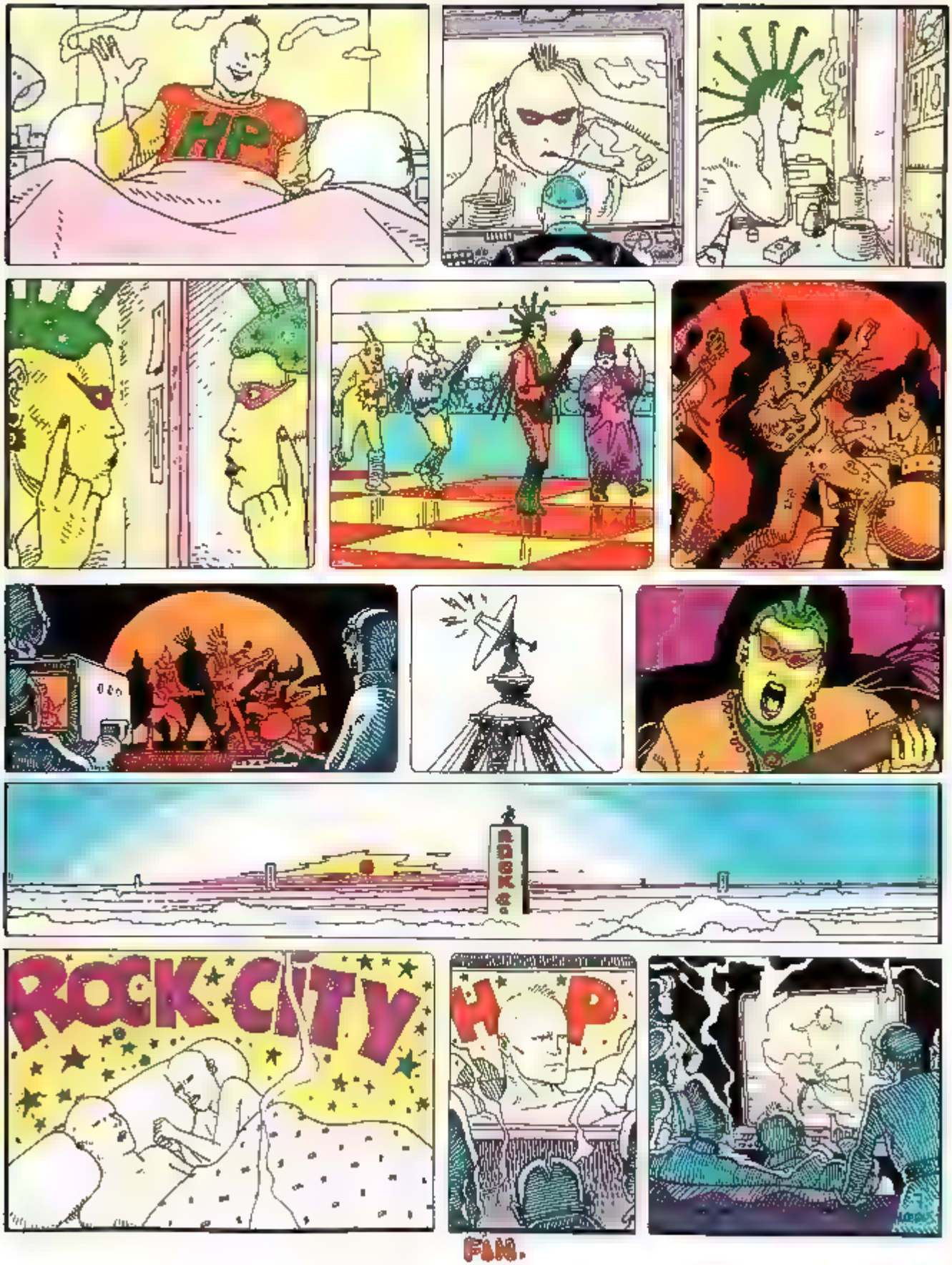
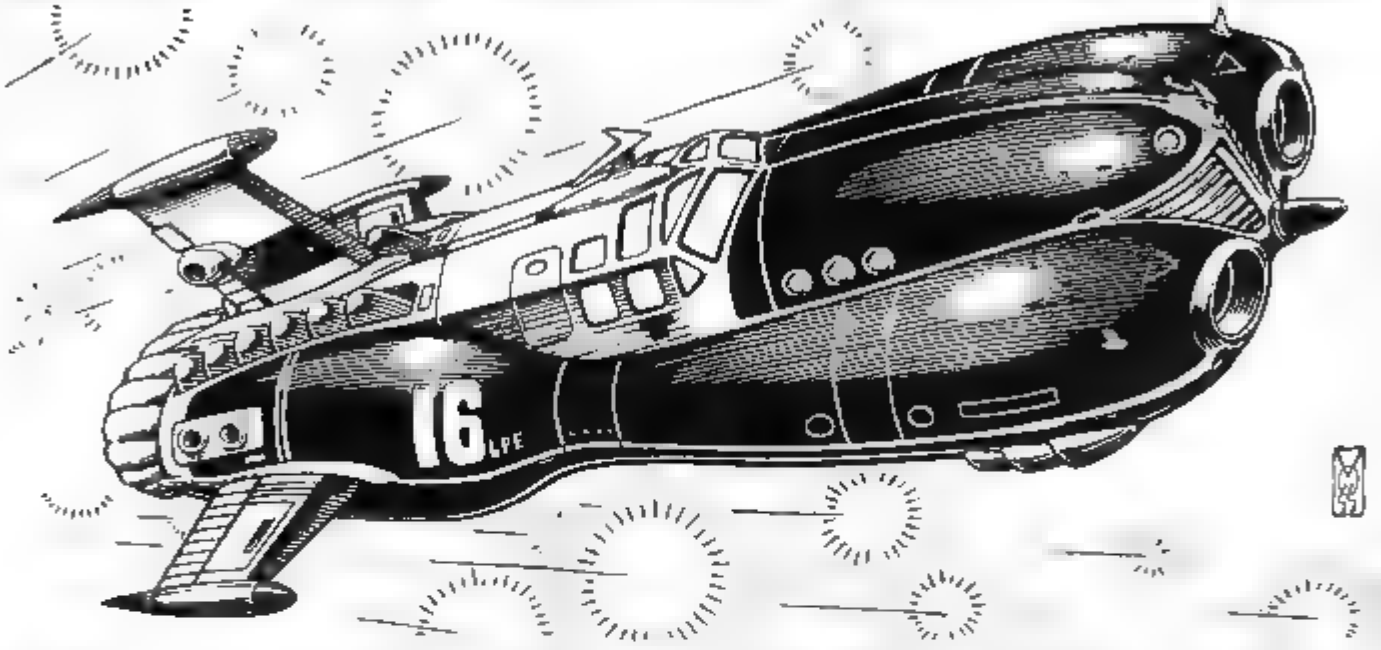

HP
ROCK CITY
HP
FIN.

SPACE JIVE

SOMEWHERE DEEP WITHIN THE INNERMOST FOLDS OF HYPERSPACE, A BATTERED OLD FLYER MANAGES TO KEEP ITSELF A FEW NODES ABOVE LIGHTSPEED. THE FLYER BELONGS TO A GROUP WELL KNOWN AMONG THE GALAXY'S ROCKERS— GARBAGE!



WHAT'S J.P. UP TO?
AFTER ALL, HE'S THE ONE WHO ORGANIZED THIS MISERABLE TOUR EARTH'S GALACTIC AGRICULTURAL COLONIES— PFUI!
I'LL BET HE'S PUTTING ON AIRS WITH TRUDY— HIS "STAR" HAH!
-URR
I'M GOING UP TO SEE TIGER
HE MUST BE BORED, UP THERE ALL ALONE!
WE'LL BE EATING IN HALF AN HOUR
MMMM
DING! DING! DING!
LET ME UP, BETTY! WE'VE GOT TROUBLE!
THE SERVO-COMPUTER'S GOING CRAZY! RUN WARN TRIPS!!
DING! DING! DING!
2

WHILE IN ONE OF THE CABINS
ROCK
WHAT DO THEY WANT NOW ?
OHHH, JP YOU ARE SO CLEVER
WHAT'S HAPPEN NO T VER ?
CAN'T YOU GUYS HANDLE ANYTHING ON YOUR OWN ?
WE'RE SLOWING DOWN— WE'RE GONNA COME OUT IN NORMAL SPACE!
YEAH— BUT WHERE ?

NO CHANCE OF MISSING IT THAT'S FOR SURE! SLOW US DOWN, TIGER!
DO SOMETHING, TIGER — ANYTHING!
— BUT YOU BETTER HOLD ON!
OH SHIT!
16

CRAAASH!
WE'RE SAVED!!!

SO WHAT RE WE GONNA DO WITH J.P. IF WE DO GET OURSELVES OUT OF..?
HEY!
GUESS WHAT I JUST SAW ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN: A CITY!!!
THEY EVEN HAVE A SPACEPORT!
GO TAKE A LOOK— I'LL STAY HERE WITH THE WOMEN AND TRY TO FIX THE RADIO.
J.P. SHOULD'VE TAKEN A WEAPON. YOU NEVER KNOW.
IT'S JUST A COLONIAL CITY, A COMMERCIAL AREA
6

IT'S A MINI SHOPPING CENTER... AND NOT EVEN MARKED ON OUR BLUE ASTROMAPS
I'M STARVING. WILL YOU TREAT US TO HAMBURGS, P?
THIS IS WHAT WE WANT
SORRY, SIR— NO MONEY, NO BUSINESS!
EVEN POOLING ALL OUR MONEY SELLING THE WRECK AND OUR EQUIPMENT EVERYTHING, WE HAVEN'T GOT THE BREAD!

SO HOW ARE WE GONNA GET OFF THIS PLANET?
?
LISTEN TO THIS! THE FAAN STAR CLUB IS ORGANIZING A GREAT INTERGALACTIC COMPETITION FOR FOLK SONGS. COME WATCH OR PARTICIPATE! THE WINNERS WILL RECEIVE THE SUM—
NO!
NOTHING DOING! WHAT DO YOU THINK WE ARE? FOLKIES? YOU GOT US INTO THIS PILE OF SHIT, J.P.! SO IT'S UP TO YOU TO GET US OUT!
!
YOU INGRATES! AND AFTER ALL I'VE DONE FOR YOU!
COME ON! IF WE'D LISTENED TO YOU WE'D BE PLAYING ACCORDION DISCO!
MAX TIGER AND MITO CONTINUE TO WANDER IN THE CITY.
YOU KNOW, MAYBE J.P. IS RIGHT AROUND HERE ROCK IS EARTH'S FOLK MUSIC!
YEAH, I SEE WHAT YOU'RE SAYING TIGER. WE MUST HAVE ENOUGH CREDITS TO RENT A GRAVITRUCK...
FUNNY LOOKING THOSE GUYS! MUST BE A LONG WAY FROM HOME!
tiger
B

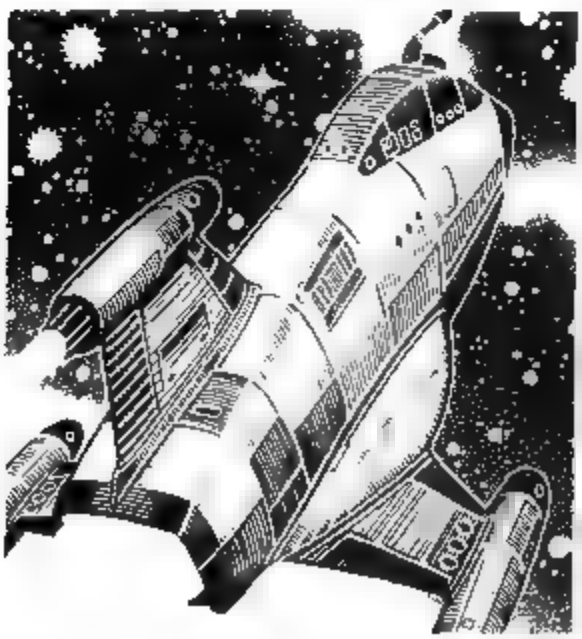
LATER
HURRY UP! WE'LL FILL YOU IN ON THE WAY!
CRASH!
WHILE AT THE MARDI GRAS...
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! WELCOME TO OUR COMPETITION!
BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE PEANUT JUICE SPINNER!
AND HERE ARE OUR FIRST CONTESTANTS MARDI GRAS AND HER ENTOURAGE!
HUH HUH HUH HA HA HA

A FEW MINUTES LATER
MARGOT MARS SCORES SIX PEANUTS! BRAVO
TONY TAPIOCA AND HIS MACAROONS
BAMALAMA BAMALOU
THREE PEANUTS! BRAVO ANYWAY!
NEXT!
HEY HO! EARTHMEN! YOU'RE GOING ON SOON!
WHAT ABOUT THE SOUND CHECK? HOW-?
THOSE FOOLS WERE GOING TO PUT MY TOMS UPSIDE DOWN
SHIT THIS WASN'T MY IDEA! YOU GOTTA TAKE CARE OF IT YOURSELF.
HEY DIDJA SEE WHO'S HERE? AND WITHOUT HIS "STAR"
I THOUGHT I'D GO ON AS A DUO WITH TRUDY BUT SHE JILTED ME FOR A THEREMIN PLAYER FROM IOTA DENEB!
J.D! WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE?
SLAP!
HEY BUCK UP J.D!
GARBAGE! YOU'RE ON IN FIVE MINUTES!

AND NOW, THE VERY EXOTIC COMBO FROM EARTH: GARBAGE!
BOY, ARE THEY UGLY!
"LET THERE BE LIGHT! LET THERE BE SOUND! LET THERE BE DRUMS! LET THERE BE GUITAR! RHAAM! LET THERE BE ROCK!"
THERE HE WAS JUST A-WALKIN' DOWN THE STREET!
BWAAAWMM
SINGIN' DOO WAH DEE DEEDEE DEE DAWN DEEDEE DOOH!
WHO THE FUCK IS MICK JAG
DWIIIIIN
SUBLIME! MAGNIFICENT!
WHAT A SHOW. WHAT A SHOW!
ENCORE! MORE! MORE!

BING!
IT'S UNHEARD OF THE EARTHMEN SCORED TOPS! ALONG WITH THEIR BOUNTIFUL CHECK, THEY'LL RECEIVE 160 BOTTLES OF SPINUP, THE FABULOUS PEANUT JUICE!

THE NEXT DAY THE ITINERANT ROCK N ROLLERS TAKE OFF IN THEIR NEW VESSEL



AAARGH! IF ONLY WE STILL HAD A FEW BEERS LEFT! TELL ME, J.P., THESE FARMERS WE'RE GONNA PLAY FOR — WHAT DO THEY GROW?
UHH PEANUTS
SPIN UP
SPIN UP
FINAL THANKS TO PHIL MANOEUVRE
FIN!

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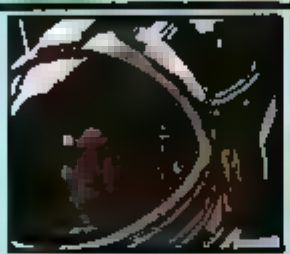

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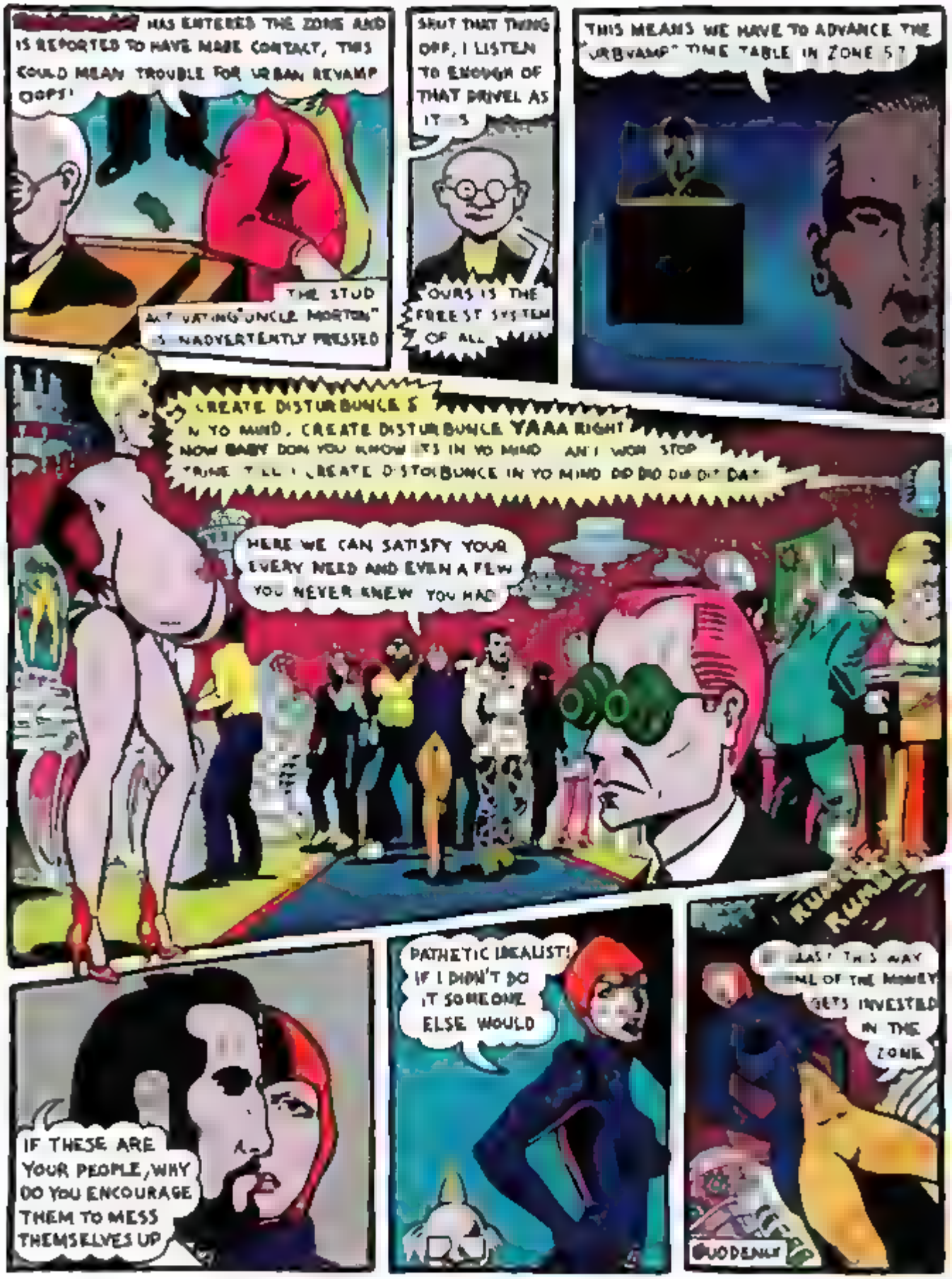
UNH!
"THE TRUE REVOLUTION WILL MAKE 'OOH POO PAH DOO'* THE NATIONAL ANTHEM"
JOHN BRAY
WRITTEN BY
DRAWN BY SPAIN
HIS "RANDOM ALERT FACTOR" CUTS IN
BEHIND YOU
NGGH!
THE

* OOH POO PAH DOO - JESSIE HILL, MINIT RECORDS - 607

THIN RED LINES OF AIMING LASERS PROBE THE STREET
UH OH! MORE SEC SERVICE
YO-O-O
YO-O-O
OH YA-A-A
OH YA-A-A
SUDDENLY FROM EVERYWHERE YET NOWHERE COMES STRANGE MUSIC
THEY'VE GONE
OOH OOH POO PAH DOO... BABY THEY CALL ME THE MOST
SOON THE MUSIC FADES
EXING
MILES AWAY ONCE AGAIN HE SURFACES
RADIATION GLOW, THE REMNANT OF FORGOTTEN CONFLICTS, ILLUMINATES THE RUINS OF ANCIENT APARTMENTS

SNAKE SNAKE
HE SOON COMES UPON THE STREETS TEEMING DENIZENS,
TRANSMAN MAKES HIS WAY PAST SNAKE VENDORS (THE LATEST FAD AMONG LESBIANS)
KILL HIM! KILL HIM! HIS LIFE IS NOT IMPORTANT ONLY THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF THE DIVINE ONE MATTERS
DIE HEATHEN!
HE MAKES HIS WAY PAST FEUDING CULTS
ALWAYS LIKE THIS AROUND HERE?
WEIRD BURGER $45 00
FRIES $22 50
SHAKES $37 2
$28 00
$15 00
$36 50
$17
$2
YOU SHOULD BE AROUND ON WEEKENDS
HI! UNCLE MORTON HERE WE LIVE IN A CHANGING WORLD
AND BIG CHANGES ARE ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE HERE IN ZONE 57
WE ARE ABOUT TO BECOME BREITMORE VILLAGE" THIS NEW "URBVAMP" DEVELOPMENT WILL SOON..

HYPODERMIC NEEDLE
SAY BROTHER SPARE SOME GELT FOR DRUG REHAB?
SURE MAN HERES A FIFTY
HIS RANDOM ALERT FACTOR WARNS
WHAT DO YA WANT NOW!
DANGER!
OOH-OOH POO PAH DOO -OH YAH YAH, YAH YAH, YAH YAH & BABY YOU KNOW THEY CALL ME THE MOST - A-AND AH WONT & STOP TRINE TILL I CREATE DISTURBUNCE IN YOUR MIND
UH OH! -THE 12th STREET KAMIKAZES!
"MADAM SPHINX" I PRESUME?
WHY HAVE YOU COME HERE [redacted]?
MEANWHILE
ARE THE NEW "UNCLE MORTON" TAPES READY?


[redacted] HAS ENTERED THE ZONE AND IS REPORTED TO HAVE MADE CONTACT, THIS COULD MEAN TROUBLE FOR URBAN REVAMP OOPS!
THE STUD ACTIVATING "UNCLE MORTEN" IS INADVERTENTLY PRESSED
SHUT THAT THING OFF, I LISTEN TO ENOUGH OF THAT DRIVEL AS IT IS
OURS IS THE FREEST SYSTEM OF ALL
THIS MEANS WE HAVE TO ADVANCE THE "URBVAMP" TIME TABLE IN ZONE 57
♪ CREATE DISTURBUNCE ♪
N YO MIND, CREATE DISTURBUNCE YAAA RIGHT NOW BABY DON YOU KNOW IT'S IN YO MIND AN I WON STOP TRUST TILL I CREATE DISTURBUNCE IN YO MIND DO DO DO DO DA
HERE WE CAN SATISFY YOUR EVERY NEED AND EVEN A FEW YOU NEVER KNEW YOU HAD
RUMBLE RUMBLE
IF THESE ARE YOUR PEOPLE, WHY DO YOU ENCOURAGE THEM TO MESS THEMSELVES UP
PATHETIC IDEALIST! IF I DIDN'T DO IT SOMEONE ELSE WOULD
AT LAST THIS WAY SOME OF THE MONEY GETS INVESTED IN THE ZONE
SUDDENLY

UMBLE!
KA-MOW!
WHILE "SECSERVS" FLUSH OUT THE REMAINING SQUATTERS HUGE MACHINES DO THEIR WORK
KRAKOH
OURS IS THE FREEST SYSTEM OF ALL, "BREITMORE VILLAGE" WILL CREATE NEW AND BETTER HOMES
YA' NEW AND BETTER HOMES THE EXEC-CASTE
YOU POOR SAD FOOLISH FOOL YOU REALLY ARE NAIVE, THEYRE TOO POWERFUL, WE'LL EVENTUALLY HAVE TO MOVE ANYWAY
WHY DON'T YOU FIGHT BACK?
WE'LL BE SAFE DOWN HERE!
WE'VE BEEN DEALING WITH THIS PROBLEM OURSELVES
ONLY BY THE UNENCUMBERED MARKET PLACE...
FIRST THEY SENT US "UNCLE MORTON"...
POK
BUT WE TOOK CARE OF THAT.

IT SEEMS LIKE URBVAMP DECIDED TO MOVE INTO LIBERATED TERRITORY. THEY OFFERED US "INCENTIVES" TO LEAVE BUT WE HAD AN "INCENTIVE PLAN" OF OUR OWN
POW!
BLAM
BLAM
VRK
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

KRAK
BLOCK

"AT FIRST, WE HAD THEM ON THE RUN, THEN THEY SENT IN THE "LEPER BATALIONS" CARRYING WITH THEM THE FILTH AND CONTAGION OF THE RADIATION AREAS"
WE WERE HESITANT TO OPEN UP ON THEM..
GO BACK! WE DONT WANT TO SHOOT, TURN ON THE ONES WHO SENT YOU!
BUT THE POOR DEVILS KEPT ON COMING
BRRAAAAAAA! BRRRAA! BRAAAP
THE WHOLE THING ENDED IN A STALEMATE, THAT'S WHY IM HERE, TOGETHER OUR PEOPLE COULD TURN THE TIDE
WE TAKE CARE OF OURSELVES WE DON'T NEED ANYONE ELSE!
SOMETIMES YOUR OWN BEST INTERESTS ARE SERVED BY HELPING SOMEBODY ELSE OUT
HMPH!

'TIS FUTILE TO FIGHT PROGRESS
"UNCLE MORTON" MOVES OVER THE HEADS OF THE "SEC-SERVS"
VIOLENCE CANNOT BE CONDONED
AS THE PEOPLE OF THE LIBERATED ZONE ARE HURLED BACK
BABY THEY CALL ME THE MOST
VOX
SUDDENLY A NEW SOUND RISES ABOVE THE DIN OF BATTLE
GONNA RING A FEW BELLS IN YO EAR RING FEW BELLS
OH YE RIGHT NOW! BABY DONT YOUKNOW TDIN YO EAR
BRRAP
RALLIED BY REINFORCEMENTS FROM ZONE 57 THE PEOPLE WAGE A FIERCE STRUGGLE THE "SEC-SERVS" ARE STOPPED THEN SLOWLY PUSHED BACK
IN THE MIDST OF THE FIGHT, AND HIS NEW ALLIES
SOON
WE'VE BEATEN THEM OFF THEY'LL BE BACK BUT AT LEAST NOW THERE'S HOPE
ONLY AS LONG AS IT SUITS MY PURPOSES

Harry Mickson
Rock à la Mickson
IIIIIIHH!!

WELL, AWRIGHT! =WHEW!= REALLY GOT CARRIED AWAY THERE, DIDN'T I? HUH! RUINED A COMPLETE SET OF LEATHERS! BUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE HAIR—I GOTTA LOT MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM!
HAH! OKAY!
F. CESTAC

YEAH, RIGHT. DIG, BROTHER ... LIKE A YA KNOW, A ... THANKS FOR SHOWIN' UP, MAN... IT WAS REALLY OUT-A-SIGHT, YA' KNOW... LIKE TO DEDICATE THIS TO EVERYBODY... A... EVERYBODY THAT CAN FEEL... AND ALL THAT GOOD STUFF. YEAH. BLAH, BLAH WOOF WOOF... A... ANYWAY, THANK YOU AND PEACE... AND DON'T FORGET TO STAND, WHEN IT'S YOUR TURN TO STAND, STAND.
WORLDS AMONG US
by JIMI HENDRIX & THOMAS YEATES © 1980

well I stand up next to a mountain,
I chop it down with the edge of my hand.

well I STAND up
next to a
MOUNTAIN
chopped it down with the
EDGE OF MY HAND! —
pick up all the pieces and make an island,
might even RAISE A LITTLE SAND!
'cause I'm a voodoo child, LORD
KNOWS I'm a VOODOO CHILD!

I didn't mean to take up all your sweet time, I'll give it right back to you one of these days
I didn't MEAN to take up all your SWEET TIME, I'LL GIVE IT RIGHT BACK ONE OF THESE DAYS!
and if I don't see you no more in this world; then I'll meet you in the next one, so don't be late. DON'T BE LATE!

DEDICATED TO FRIENDS AND PASSENGERS WHO HELPED: BAILEY CAESAR AND DAN ALAN HASHIMOTO SUE RICK VENCH, THE FILLMORE AND 1968

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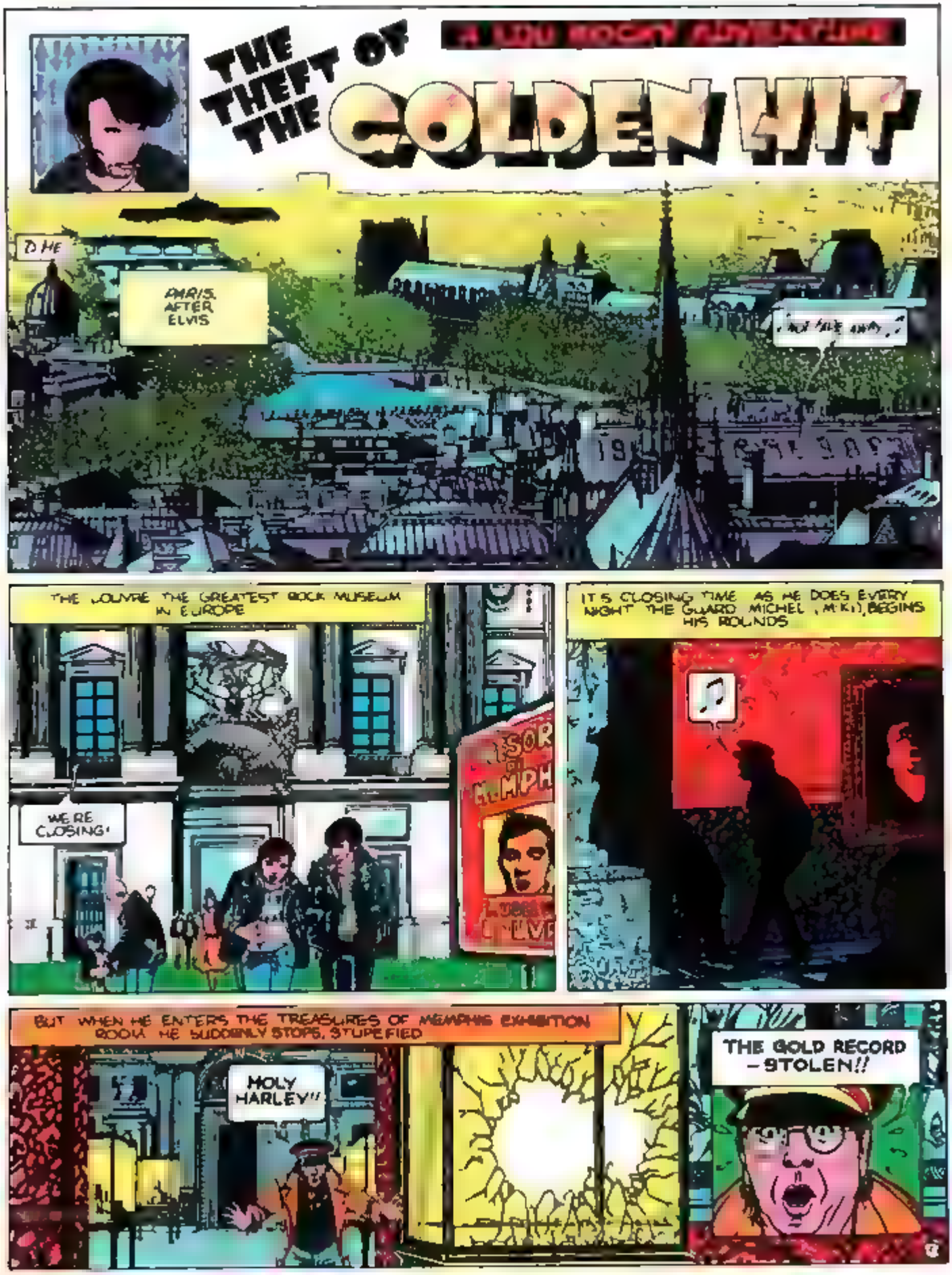
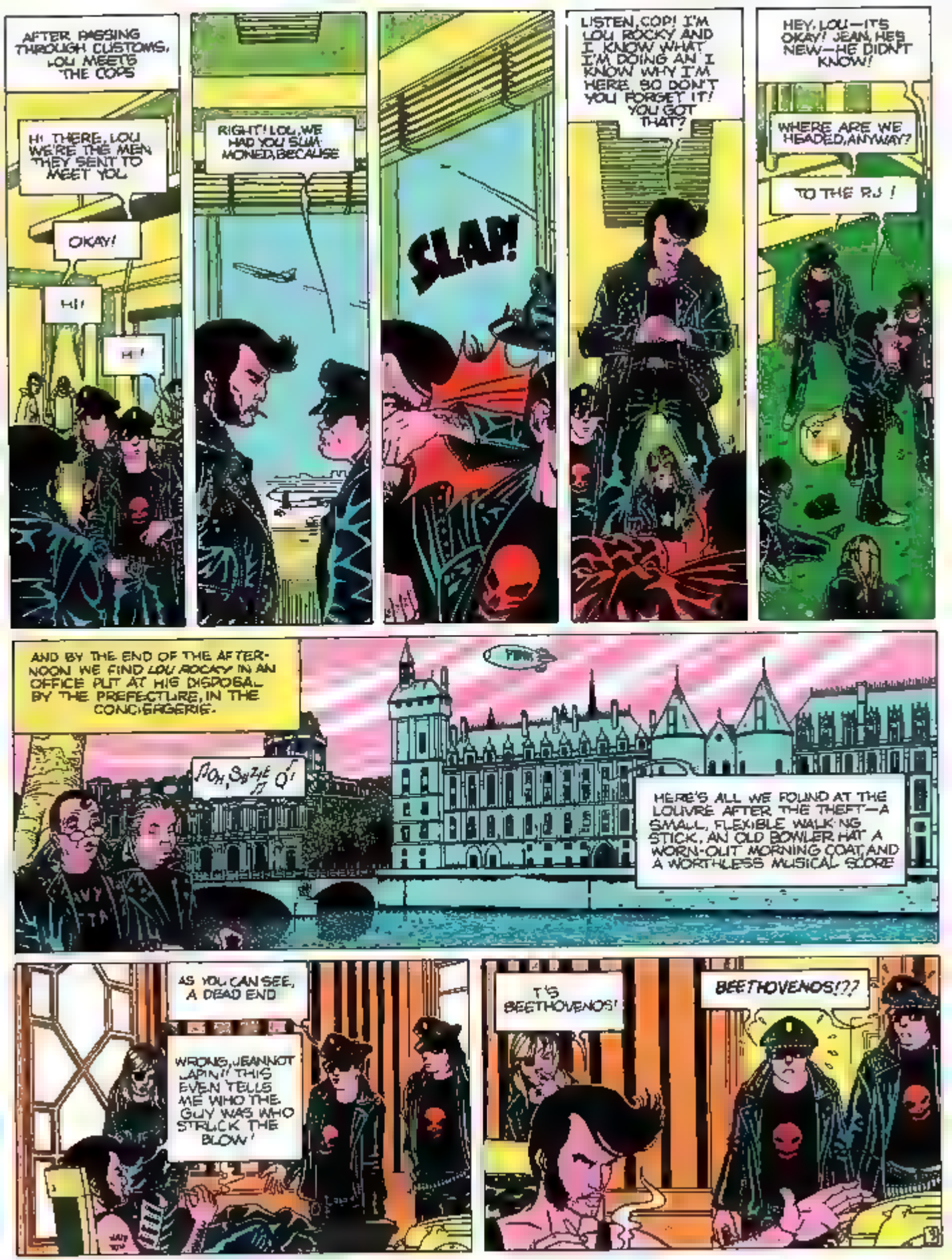
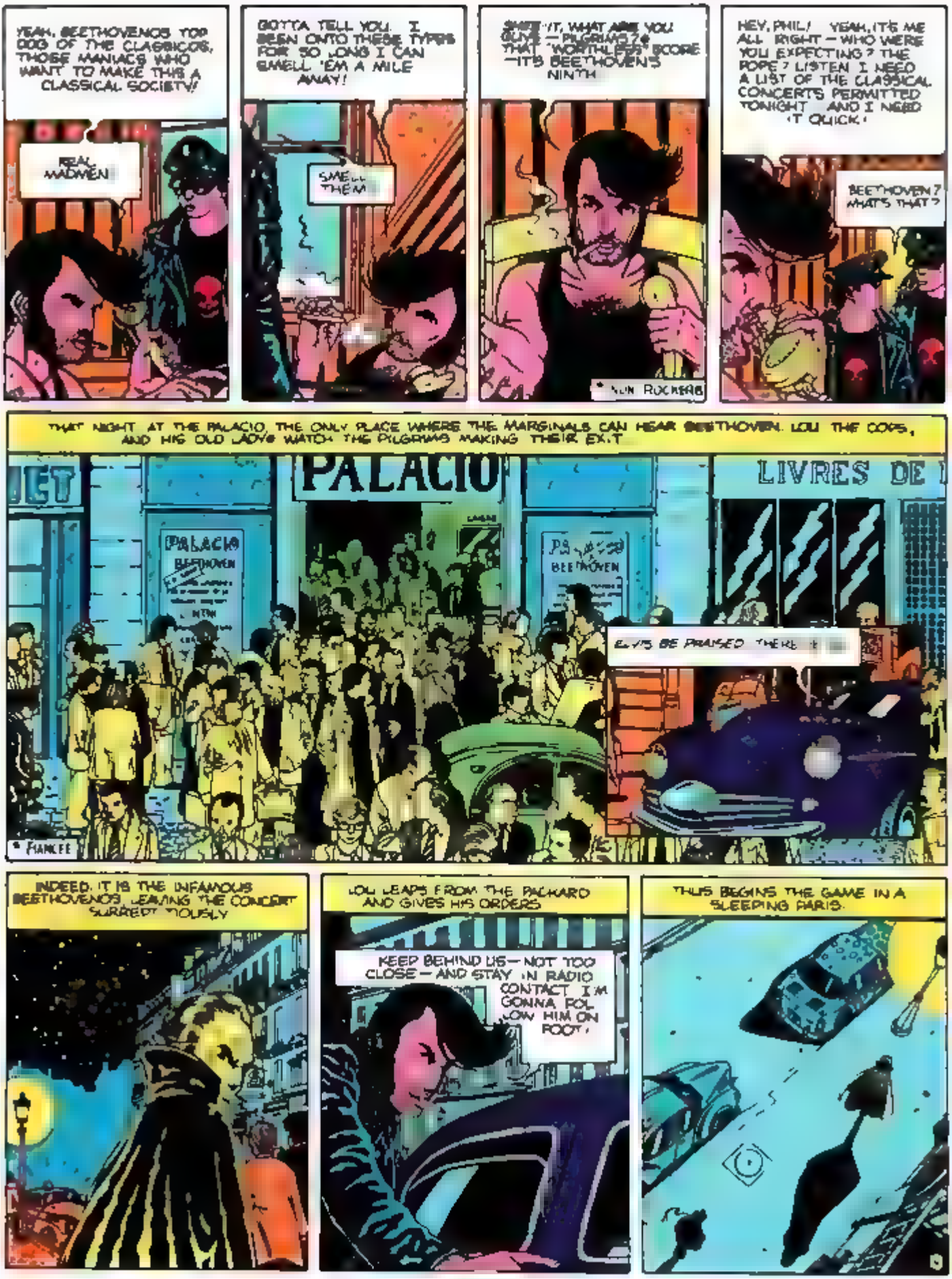
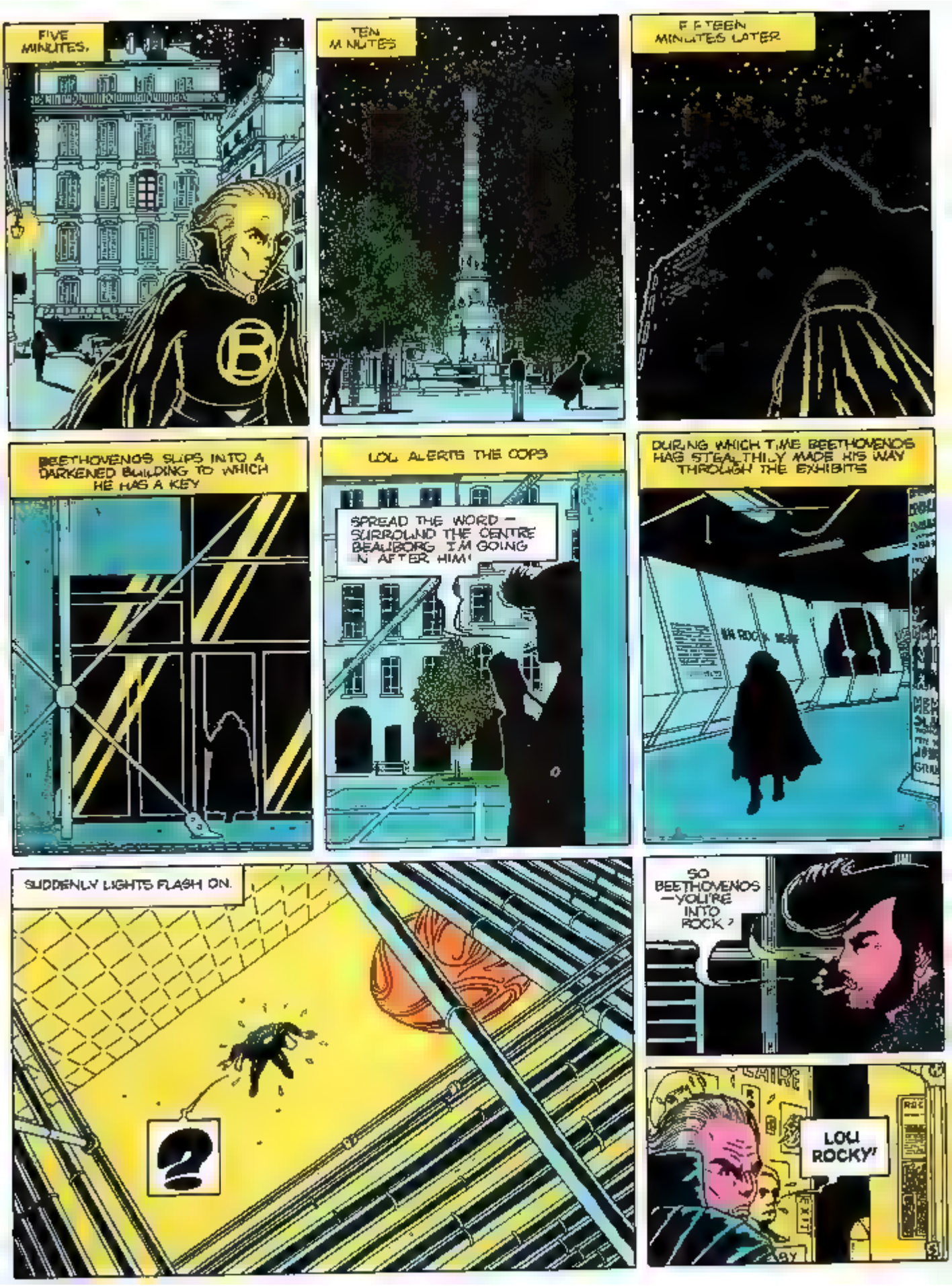
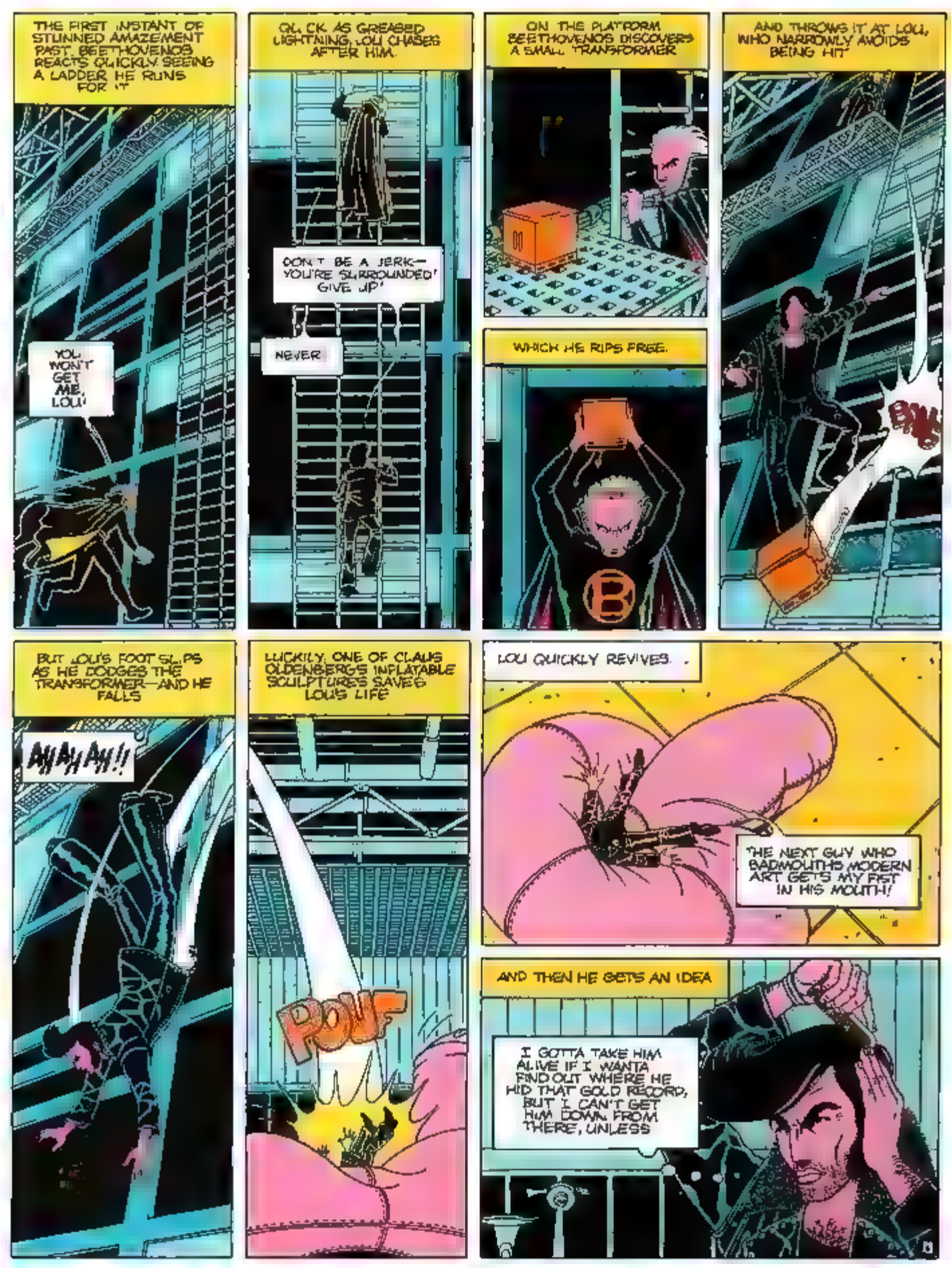

A LOU BOOGY ADVENTURE
THE THEFT OF THE GOLDEN HIT
PARIS. AFTER ELVIS
THE LOUVRE THE GREATEST ROCK MUSEUM IN EUROPE
WE'RE CLOSING!
IT'S CLOSING TIME AS HE DOES EVERY NIGHT THE GUARD MICHEL (MIKE) BEGINS HIS ROUNDS
BUT WHEN HE ENTERS THE TREASURES OF MEMPHIS EXHIBITION ROOM HE SUDDENLY STOPS, STUPEFIED
HOLY HARLEY!!
THE GOLD RECORD - STOLEN!!

THE PARIS-ORLY AIRPORT, TWO DAYS LATER.
ATTENTION, PLEASE! FLIGHT NUMBER 722 FROM NEW YORK IS NOW ARRIVING AT GATE 8. HURRY IT UP, GANG — HE'S COMING SOON!
...AND THREE COPS AWAIT THEIR DISTINGUISHED GUEST
THEIR GUEST IS THE FAMOUS LOU ROCKY, WHO SPECIALIZES IN DIFFICULT CASES
HEY LOU, THIS GOLD RECORD STEAL— WHADDYA THINK?
I THINK YOU SHOULD MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!
OKAY, HONEY, BETTER FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELT — WE'RE GONNA LAND SOON
DON'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT, LOU!
THE 747 ON WHICH LOU ROCKY IS FLYING BEGINS ITS DESCENT TOWARD PARIS.
SLAP!
.. WHERE IT LANDS.
LOU, BABY — DON'T HIT ME LIKE THAT!
SLAP!


AFTER PASSING THROUGH CUSTOMS, LOU MEETS THE COPS
HI THERE, LOU WE'RE THE MEN THEY SENT TO MEET YOU
OKAY!
HI!
HI!
RIGHT! LOU, WE HAD YOU SUM MONED, BECAUSE
SLAP!
LISTEN, COP! I'M LOU ROCKY AND I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING AN I KNOW WHY I'M HERE, SO DON'T YOU FORGET IT! YOU GOT THAT?
HEY, LOU—IT'S OKAY! JEAN, HE'S NEW—HE DIDN'T KNOW!
WHERE ARE WE HEADED, ANYWAY?
TO THE R.J.!
AND BY THE END OF THE AFTER-NOON WE FIND LOU ROCKY IN AN OFFICE PUT AT HIS DISPOSAL BY THE PREFECTURE, IN THE CONCIERGERIE.
HERE'S ALL WE FOUND AT THE LOUVRE AFTER THE THEFT—A SMALL, FLEXIBLE WALK-ING STICK, AN OLD BOWLER HAT A WORN-OUT MORNING COAT AND A WORTHLESS MUSICAL SCORE
AS YOU CAN SEE, A DEAD END
WRONG, JEAN!! NOT JAPIN!! THIS EVEN TELLS ME WHO THE GUY WAS WHO STRUCK THE BLOW!
IT'S BEETHOVENOS!
BEETHOVENOS!??


YEAH, BEETHOVEN'S TOO GOOD FOR THE CLASSICOS, THOSE MANIACS WHO WANT TO MAKE THIS A CLASSICAL SOCIETY!
REAL MADMEN
GOTTA TELL YOU. I BEEN ONTO THESE TYPES FOR SO LONG I CAN SMELL 'EM A MILE AWAY!
SMELL THEM
SHIT! IT, WHAT ARE YOU GUYS — PILGRIMS? ♦ THAT "WORTHLESS" SCORE — IT'S BEETHOVEN'S NINTH
♦ NON ROCKERS
HEY, PHIL! YEAH, IT'S ME ALL RIGHT — WHO WERE YOU EXPECTING? THE POPE? LISTEN I NEED A LIST OF THE CLASSICAL CONCERTS PERMITTED TONIGHT AND I NEED IT QUICK!
BEETHOVEN? WHAT'S THAT?
THAT NIGHT AT THE PALACIO, THE ONLY PLACE WHERE THE MARGINALS CAN HEAR BEETHOVEN. LOU THE COPS, AND HIS OLD LADY♦ WATCH THE PILGRIMS MAKING THEIR EXIT
PALACIO
LIVRES DE
PALACIO BEETHOVEN
BEETHOVEN
ELVIS BE PRAISED THERE
♦ FRANCEE
INDEED. IT IS THE INFAMOUS BEETHOVENOS LEAVING THE CONCERT SURREPTITIOUSLY
LOU LEAPS FROM THE PACKARD AND GIVES HIS ORDERS
KEEP BEHIND US — NOT TOO CLOSE — AND STAY IN RADIO CONTACT. I'M GONNA FOLLOW HIM ON FOOT.
THUS BEGINS THE GAME IN A SLEEPING PARIS.


FIVE MINUTES.
TEN MINUTES
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER
BEETHOVENOS SLIPS INTO A DARKENED BUILDING TO WHICH HE HAS A KEY
LOU ALERTS THE COPS
SPREAD THE WORD — SURROUND THE CENTRE BEAUBORG I'M GOING IN AFTER HIM!
DURING WHICH TIME BEETHOVENOS HAS STEALTHILY MADE HIS WAY THROUGH THE EXHIBITS
SUDDENLY LIGHTS FLASH ON.
?
SO BEETHOVENOS — YOU'RE INTO ROCK?
LOU! ROCKY!
EXIT


THE FIRST INSTANT OF STUNNED AMAZEMENT PAST, BEETHOVENOS REACTS QUICKLY SEEING A LADDER HE RUNS FOR IT
YOU WON'T GET ME, LOU!
QUICK AS GREASED LIGHTNING, LOU CHASES AFTER HIM.
DON'T BE A JERK— YOU'RE SURROUNDED! GIVE UP!
NEVER
ON THE PLATFORM BEETHOVENOS DISCOVERS A SMALL TRANSFORMER
WHICH HE RIPS FREE.
AND THROWS IT AT LOU, WHO NARROWLY AVOIDS BEING HIT
BUT LOU'S FOOT SLIPS AS HE DODGES THE TRANSFORMER—AND HE FALLS
AHHHH!!
LUCKILY, ONE OF CLAUS OLDENBERG'S INFLATABLE SCULPTURES SAVES LOU'S LIFE
POUF
LOU QUICKLY REVIVES.
THE NEXT GUY WHO BADMOUTHS MODERN ART GETS MY FIST IN HIS MOUTH!
AND THEN HE GETS AN IDEA
I GOTTA TAKE HIM ALIVE IF I WANTA FIND OUT WHERE HE HID THAT GOLD RECORD, BUT I CAN'T GET HIM DOWN FROM THERE, UNLESS

TURNING HIS BACK ON BEETHOVENOS'S SHRILL TAUNTS, LOU MAKES HIS WAY TO
AKAHAHA! HEY, LOU! YOU TOOK A REAL FALL THAT TIME! BEETHOVEN OVER ROCK!
. THE SOUND STUDIO.
HAVING CUED UP A RECORD, LOU GRABS THE P.A. SYSTEM MIKE
LISTEN, BEETHOVENOS, YOU BETTER COME DOWN NOW!
IT'S THAT OR LISTEN TO THE KING!
NEVER! I'LL NEVER SURRENDER TO THE KING!
YOU ASKED FOR IT, BEETHOVENOS!
LOU CARRIES OUT HIS THREAT
AND ELVIS'S VOICE COMING FROM ALL THE MANY SPEAKERS BEGINS TO FILL THE HALL...
LOVE ♫ ME ♫ TENDER
AAAARGGHH!
ASSAULTED FROM EVERY DIRECTION, BEETHOVENOS REELS IN SHOCK...
LOVE ♫ ME ♫ SWEET
NOOO....
...AND AS THE COPS SWARM INTO THE HALL, HE LOSES HIS BALANCE ON THE NARROW WALKWAY AND FALLS
AAAA

HITTING THE FLOOR AT THE COPS' FEET
SPLAT!
WHERE THE COPS HAVE BEGUN DANCING TO ELVIS
GOOD R DOANCE PILGRIM!
DURING THIS TIME LOU'S OLD LADY HAS JOINED HIM IN THE SOUND STUDIO
IT'S REALLY DUMB OF HIM TO CROAK LIKE THAT WITHOUT TIPPING YOU OFF TO WHERE HE HID THE GOLD RECORD
DROP DEAD
LET'S DROP IT BABY! THIS BUSINESS IS FINISHED!
C'MON LOU, DON'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT!
SLAP!

FIN

P.S. LATER ON THE GOLD RECORD TURNED UP ANYWAY— IT HAD BEEN STOLEN BY THE GUARD AT THE LOUVRE (REMEMBER HIM? MIKI?). IT TURNED OUT THAT BEETHOVENOS HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT... BUT WHO CARES? HE WAS AN ENEMY OF THE ROCK SOCIETY, SO HE DESERVED WHAT HE GOT.

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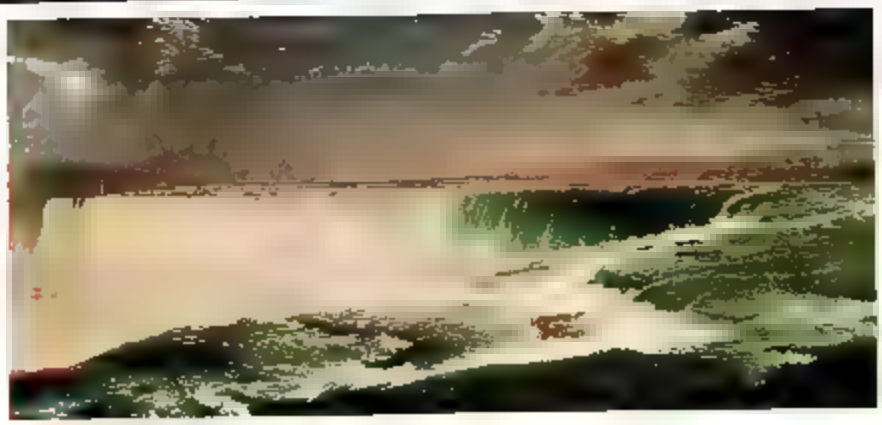
with Colorful Poster Art



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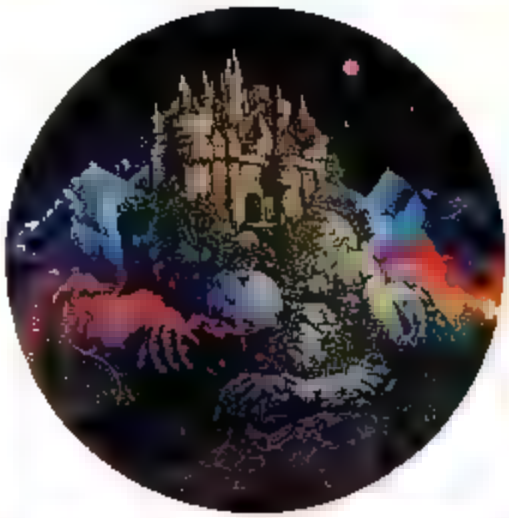

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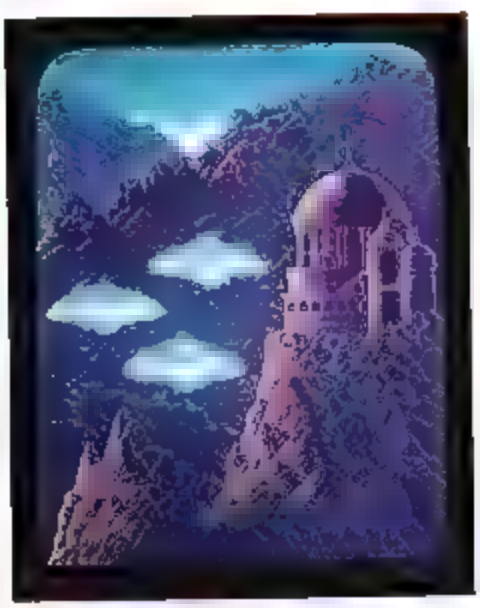

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1	2
freedkin (a semi-gas giant)	piano for the defense
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offense	senses takers

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with

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fuzz base

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ALBERT KING — JODO DE POJO

I'LL PLAY THE BLUES FOR YOU

IF YOU'RE DOWN AND OUT
AND YOU FEEL REAL HURT
COME ON OVER
TO THE PLACE WHERE I LIVE
AND ALL YOUR LONELINESS
I'LL TRY TO SOOTHE
CRACK!
I'LL PLAY THE BLUES FOR YOU
DON'T BE AFRAID
COME ON IN
YOU MIGHT RUN ACROSS
SOME OF YOUR OLD FRIENDS

MUZICK by Lou Stathis

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People, for chrissakes!

I don't really care to dwell on this point much longer— suffice it to say that *Stranded* is choked with narrow-minded, regressivist propaganda, and deserves nothing better than a quick dropkick down the nearest dumper. All my rage and disgust about this tripe-ridden volume's relentless parochialism would've remained private (as it has countless times in the past when this same wound has been opened), had not the firm editorial whip at the helm of this magazine made itself felt. "Why not," the man said, "do something about the history, impact, and future direction of progressive music for our gala rok issue?" That prodding, plus the lethal mixture of bile and adrenaline spewing through my bloodstream, is the reason for this column. I think I'll go easy on the history though, as I'm in more of a bludgeoning mood than a lecturing one. Impact and reaction are the things that concern me most.

"Progressive" to me has always meant "different." I think that's an important distinction to make. Thinking of it that way as opposed to the terms like "pretentious" or "art-rock" or "better" that have often been misused as synonyms. Progressive rokkers were those guys back in the seventies (the subgenre is all but dead now) who chose to make music in a way others didn't—not better, just different. It might've meant using a new piece of technology (synthesizers) or an instrument not normally associated with rok (oboes, kotos, African drums, etc.), or it might've meant amalgamating other styles with certain elements of rok. It so happens that I'm one of those guys who like things that are different, art that speaks of a unique vision and doesn't automatically accept what has gone before as a limit on what constitutes valid expression. I'm not immediately suspicious of something that's unusual—a feeling that most rok critics radiate with a vengeance. Listening to something means approaching it on its own terms, making an effort to loosen the sphincter muscles and allow the music to seek its own level. Listening to what's *there*, not what you imagine is there, or what you think should be there, or what your prejudices tell you is there. If after that the music still bores or offends you, then it's worthless to your frame of reference and you have the right to ignore it (*not*, however, the right to ridicule it). The contempt I evidence here is not so much for mediocre music (though I have little patience for it) as for people who for some unarticulated reason embrace the ordinary and condemn the extraordinary. Now that gets my hackles up. There's enough room in rok music for just about everything anyone cares to do to it, from the havoc wrought by such adenoidal wimps as Jonathan Richman to seriously bent neanderthals like Ted Nugent. This doesn't mean you gotdda *like* all of it, just allow it to exist without whining and dumping guano on it.

In my long years as a rok-media glutton (I lost my virginity to Paul Williams's *Crawdaddy* in 1966) I've gotten the distinct impression that most rok critics think there's a stylistic essence in rok, as opposed to an essence of spirit or attitude—as though there are rules or requirements of what equals rok and what doesn't. Anything that deviates from this basic blues-rooted ideal (especially something taken from the Western, European classical tradition) is viewed with distaste and sometimes outright revulsion. Judgments are judged against people like King Crimson and Genesis based on the excesses of fake progressives like Emerson, Lake & Palmer and the Moody Blues (neither of them did anything different at all). At their worst, rok critics come on with an almost messianic zeal, fervently pounding the pulpit to preserve the purity of rok. They are defending us, and the music defined by their adolescent nostalgia, against such perceived enemies as "art-rock poseurs" and "pomp rockers." But

there aren't any clear-cut boundaries anymore—the lines in rok are even less defined now than they were fifteen years ago. As others have observed the new wave has brought about the obliteration of distinctions and the validation of omnivorous eclecticism. Progressive rok can't be called rok-for-eggheads anymore, because it isn't really there to point at and sneer. Bands like the Talking Heads, Urban Verbs, and the Cure have put that myth to death, despite what those scribbling fools would have you believe. That's the real impact of progressive rok, and that continues to reverberate in the nascent bands that are popping up all over the place—Nash the Slash in Toronto, Jim Ahman and Tiny Desk Unit in Washington, D.C., and such N.Y.C. bands as the Love of Life Orchestra, the Dance, Walter Steding & the Dragon People, Material, and the riotous Swollen Monkeys. To say nothing of the Bulldaggers.

Zeroing in on a more specific aspect of the progressive scene—the people who were originally involved—we might be able to draw some interesting conclusions about what happened. In the past couple of months a number of the original progressive cadre have released records of one sort or another, either in group or solo contexts. The one that stands out from this group is Peter Gabriel's stunning new album on Mercury Records, entitled (as were the previous two) *Peter Gabriel* (SRM-1-3848). If there was any doubt about Gabriel's superior ability left lingering after his exit from Genesis (1975) and the pair of successively more interesting records he's produced since, this new platter will embalm those doubts permanently. The thing is simply brilliant—a leap ahead of its merely excellent predecessor (1978's *P.G.*, Atlantic SD19181, now appearing in better cut-out bins everywhere) and a concrete indication of Genesis's limiting format. Gabriel's voice is at its strongest ever, with more warmth, texture, and flexibility than he's ever shown in one place before. His gift for instantly memorable melodies, resonant lyric phrases, and unorthodox arrangements have all come to full flower with this LP. There's also some excellent musicianship by an unexpected variety of players—from the expected Frippian guitar geysers to the hard-edged chording of the Jam's Paul Weller. Random Hold's David Rhodes, and XTC's Dave Gregory, all of whom display distinct personalities while buttressing Gabriel's songs. Dig also Brand X's Morris Pert on percussion, adding subtle dimensions to the record in the way Jamie Muir used to do for Crimson (*Lark's Tongue in Aspic*).

Gabriel's old band mates have fared less well. Genesis's latest is *Duke* (Atlantic SD 16014), and though it's the band's most listenable record since 1976's *Trick of the Tale*, it displays a disquieting conservatism. It's basically more of the same from Genesis, no surprises, and contents itself with refining the Genesis persona in the manner of recent Pink Floyd. Unlike its immediate predecessors, *Wind and Wuthering* and *And Then There Were Three*, *Duke* has moments of electricity that stand out from the slick lyricism that fills the record: "Turn It On Again," "Man of Our Times," and the mostly instrumental "Duke's Travels"/"Duke's End" are all standouts but too familiar-sounding and smoothed-out to be really exceptional. Also, it would appear that the band have little left to say lyrically. *Duke* is confident and complacent, echoing backward into Genesis's past rather than moving forward into new territory.

Bassist Michael Rutherford's solo outing, *Smallcreep's Day* (Passport PB 9843), has a bit more substance to it. The side-long title song is a good bit of extended storytelling, something Genesis hasn't done well since *The Lamb Lies Down*. I'd recommend buying this one before investing in a copy of *Duke*, because it does a better job of involving the mind of the listener. Guitarist Steve Hackett (departed 1977) is due for a new album, having produced nothing since 1979's excellent *Spectral Mornings* (Chrysalis CHR 1223). I've seen ads for an album called *Defector* in England, and though he is currently touring the U.K., he appears to be without a label in the U.S. Hackett's predecessor in Genesis was Anthony Phillips (his presence is most noticeable on the 1970 *Trespass*), who in the ten years since he's left the group has become something of a hermit. His fifth solo album (all of which can be found in this country on either the Passport or PVC labels) is *Private Parts & Pieces II: Back to the Pavilion* (PVC 7913). It's really quite a lovely record, fusing a simple melodic purity with a Beach Boys–like romanticism. The songs are mostly concise guitar meditations of short duration, moody and pleasantly evocative. Well worth seeking out. Drummer Phil Collins's sideline is Brand X, whom I find not very interesting at all. They are an unashamed jazz-fusion band, as their latest, *Do They Hurt?* (Passport PB 9845), indicates, and except for the Crimson-like "Cambodia," which leads off side two, the record just kind of sits there. Good musicianship (especially the nimble bass playing of Percy Jones) but little real passion.

Speaking of Crimson (and I was back there), we come to Robert Fripp's latest, *God Save the Queen/Under Heavy Manners* (Polydor PD-1-6286), a double album of frippertronics that conveniently fits on one disc (ask old Bob to explain that one). This LP is the ultimate psychedelic album—crank up your stereo *real* loud, twist your mind completely out of shape, and then listen to the *God Save the Queen* side. Shew. Then, after the world's longest recorded fade out and the necessary minutes it takes to return yourself to reality, flip the thing over to the discotronics side and laugh hysterically while you dance. It is the fusing of two wallpaper musics, with David Byrne (identified as Absalm el Habib for contractual reasons) whining neurotically through his polyped nose and Mr. Bob repeating a robotlike guitar figure over the funkoid rhythm section. Twitch that butt, white boy. Fripp's latest project beyond this record is a band called "the League of Gentlemen" (though it does include one member of the female persuasion). The rhythm again is muscular. Public Image–like funk, with Fripp and keyboardist Barry Andrews (ex-XTC) playing games with a succession of almost Crimson riffs. As Fripp informs the crowd in his inimitable deadpan, "This is a dance band, and that is a dance floor." Indeed, the band is dull enough to be a dance band, and almost interesting enough to listen to. At a later point in the show, Fripp tells someone in the crowd, "Staring at the guitarist's fingers is rude and off-putting." What a card. Fripp is exploiting another narrow aspect of what King Crimson was. It's effective, but ultimately a dead end. I'm sure he'll be moving on soon.

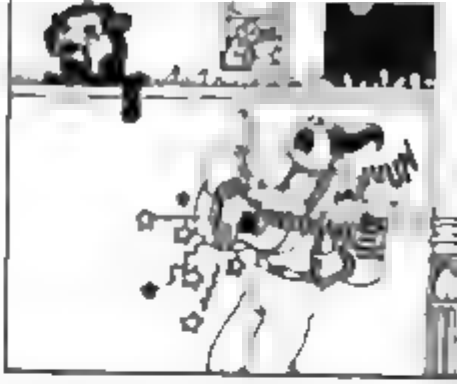
Also coming up for a groundhog's peek at the eighties is Roxy Music, with *Flesh & Blood* (Atco SD 32-102). I don't really *want* to hate this record, but I think I do. It's flat, predictable, and lacking even what little merit 1979's *Manifesto* had. I still dig Bryan Ferry's voice, but without the texture added by Andy MacKay and Phil Manzanera (there is precious little of that here) the band is at best pleasant and more often sleep inducing. And where the fuck is drummer Paul Thompson? The albums since *Siren* have been successively more MOR and drifting. Would you believe a disco "Eight Miles High" done without a trace of humor?

A welcome, long-overdue return was marked by Robert Wyatt this past spring. The single "Arauco"/"Caimanera" (Rough Trade 037, an import) is Robert's first solo outing since 1975's *Ruth Is Stranger than Richard*, and it finds him in a cheery contemplative mood. An interview in a recent *Melody Maker* told us that Wyatt is planning a bunch of new singles, possibly as many as five. I hope this comes to pass—Wyatt is a treasure, with a uniquely beautiful voice and quietly accepting con-

[redacted]

Totally out of the realm of this column's subject matter, but so extraordinary that it bears immediate acclaim, is a new twelve-inch single by impLOG on Infidelity Records (from the wonderful Charles Ball, who also brings us the Love of Life Orchestra, Martin Rev, and, most important, UT—y the worst band in creation). "Holland Tun-is a throbbingly vicious number that will do a Manson number on your speakers if you're not careful. The flip is a joyously monotoned version of "On B'way" that sounds like background music for a mongoloid slumber party. impLOG appears to be the work of Don Christensen, drummer of the original Contortions, now with the Raybeats (urban surf music) and occasionally Chris Butler's Stereos and Ralph Carney's Swollen Monkeys (busy man). This record is distributed through JEM, but I recommend that you send $4.50 directly to Charles at Lust/Unlust Music, P.O. Box 3288, Grand Central Station, N.Y.C. 10017. I think you should do it immediately. No excuses. ●

I PLAY THE BLUES FOR YOU
ON MY GUITAR



ALL YOUR LONELINESS I TRY TO SOOTHE
I'LL PLAY THE BLUES FOR YOU

SIDEBAR
by Dr. Progresso

repeated exposure to the album through the efforts of a friend, and I didn't buy it until after I'd bought the third Crimson album, *Lizard*, which still strikes me as the best realization of the original Crimson concept.

In Crimson—once I'd retuned my ears—I heard the music that came closest yet to my Perfect Music.

My ideals are not your ideals; my Perfect Music is not going to be your Perfect Music (always assuming that you even think of music in that fashion—and maybe you don't). But I want to explore what Crimson meant to me because it's possible that I'll strike a chord with you.

From the first time I heard the blues, I felt the emotional pull of that music. I was raised in a typical WASP home where the music was decorous, reserved, polite, and mostly nineteenth-century romantic classical. There were no dissonances in that music. It was performed by musicians who were wearing coats and ties. The blues were earthy, immediate, compelling, the very antithesis of the music I'd been exposed to. The blues were a direct, gloves-off emotional statement. Blues musicians did not wear coats and ties; they wore stained undershirts, and you could feel the sweat.

But that wasn't enough. I wanted to see the life and vigor of the blues married to something more intellectually complex while retaining a direct emotional appeal. Jazz had some of that, especially in the music of Ellington and Mingus (most of all in Mingus, a towering giant among jazz creators). When I was twelve I discovered Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring," and at first I thought this was it—but it wasn't. The tumultuous rhythms and fiery colors were there, but the conventional orchestra was almost embarrassed by the nakedness displayed, and you could feel the straitlaced classical traditions holding the music back from going that final step. In the late fifties some jazz composers came up with a marriage of jazz and classical music called third-stream music, which for a time I had a lot of hope for, but in the end it was too intellectual, too anemic, and it was made irrelevant anyway by the revolution brewing up around Ornette Coleman and his right-lobed, intuitive, free-form primitivism. Ornette was helping musicians to break loose from the technical straitjacket inadvertently created by Charlie Parker. Third-stream music was really just another straitjacket.

Then came rock. Not rock n' roll; that was a fifties phenomenon for which I'd had only a limited appreciation, knowing as I did that it was derivative of Kansas City jazz, rhythm and blues, gospel, and other basically black music made acceptable to whites by Bill Haley, Elvis Presley, and Pat Boone who watered down its real strengths and simplified it almost to terminal cuteness in the process. By 1960 rock n' roll was dead, smothered in strings and reduced to another Tin Pan Alley category of manufactured-hit music. By 1960 Elvis was dead although the terminal rot would not be apparent for another seventeen years.

Rock was something different. If rock n roll was *for* kids, rock was *by* those same kids, now partly grown and capable of creating their own music based on the music they'd heard on the radio. Rock was the *true* folk music of the sixties, Joan Baez to the contrary notwithstanding.

The Beach Boys, the Beatles, the Stones, the Kinks, all the rest—these groups didn't take their material from song pluggers, they *wrote* it.

The sixties were, among other things, a joyous time of rich ferment in popular music—a time when "pop" and "rock" meant the same things (as "pop" and "swing" had in the thirties)—and every week a new record would turn up, signaling a new advance with fresh excitement. Randy Newman and Van Dyke Parks were writing pop songs that rekindled the iconoclastic experiments of Charles Ives (arguably America's finest twentieth-century composer). The Beatles were the first to use a string quartet (rather than the Hollywood Strings) in a pop song ("Yesterday"), and soon (thereafter a baroque trumpet (in "Penny Lane"). No one knew what would happen next, but we were all *ready* for it.

The ultimate and final flowering of this growth was King Crimson.

Today King Crimson is regarded as the first major "progressive rock" band, and "progressive rock" is regarded as dead and gone. But to me the sixties were a progressive time, and so-called progressive rock was simply a stage in that progress.

In 1976 I had the opportunity to chat a bit with Paul Kantner during an afternoon in Cincinnati. "What happened?" I asked him. "You guys were young and growing and then, almost suddenly, [illegible]"

"Maybe that's all we had in us," he said, shrugging. What he didn't bother saying was that he, and they were no longer teenagers; they were in their late twenties and early thirties. They had settled down.

But no one ever has to stop growing. It's a popular fallacy in our culture that when you reach the end of your teens, that's it: you're grown-up. In fact, the nature of your growth becomes more subtle but no less important. Most major artists—composers, authors, painters, whatever—create their most important works as mature individuals. If they had stopped growing as individuals at twenty-one, the world would be deprived of most of those works. Yet rock is regarded as a teenagers' art form, and there are those who will tell you that this is all it is and all it should be. (Most of those who spout that line haven't been in their own teens for many years, but seem to cling to a teenaged vision as a way of retarding the passage of time. It rarely works.)

Nearly all the staggering growth of sixties rock was a reflection of the individual growth of teenagers and those just out of their teens, fired with energy and idealism.

The seventies have been characterized, in American music, as a time of retrenchment and retreat. The music was given back to the commercial interests, the corporate successors to Tin Pan Alley. The rebellious teens settled down, got respectable, married, and had 2.5 children. The growth ended. It was replaced with job security.

The original diversity of the various streams that were brought together in rock became instead a series of fads and fashions, coexisting comfortably, coming and going with waxing and waning record sales (a huge industry). The forward movement had halted. Growth ceased.

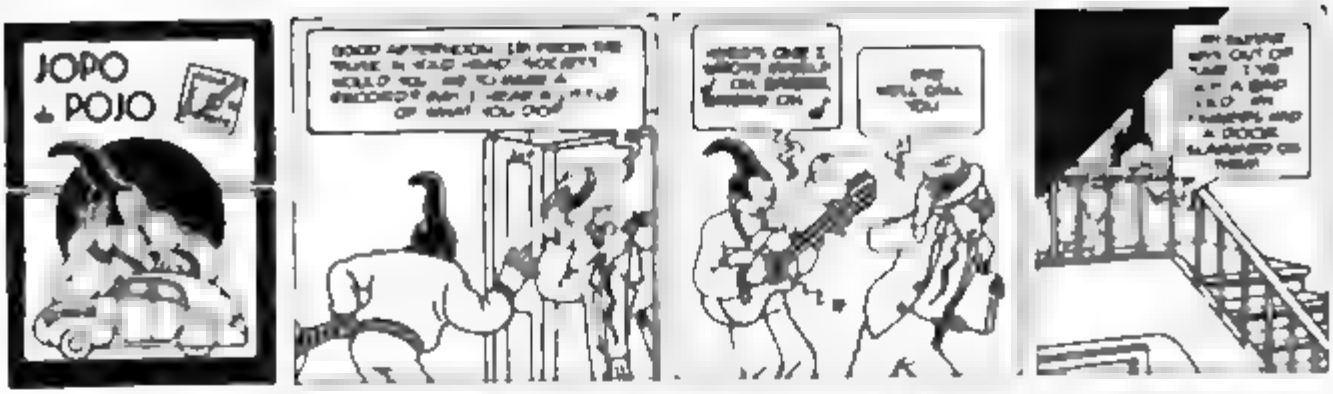
But not so, elsewhere. Elsewhere, there was King Crimson.

King Crimson never received any respect from the American rock press, which by then licked the soles of Clive Davis's boots (once daily). Yet King Crimson was what everything in the sixties had pointed to.

In the music of King Crimson—especially the original band—every musical tributary of the mainstream of rock was captured and effectively assimilated, from simple acoustic-guitar melodies to the long coda of "Hey Jude" and the raw power-chords of the Who. King Crimson had delicate beauty and thrashing, heavy ugliness; pop songs ("Ladies of the Road" on *Islands*) and free jazz ("Cat Food," "Groon"—a rare single). King Crimson understood *contrast*: the importance of juxtaposing moods and dynamics. King Crimson's ambition was unlimited: it was conceivable that they could (or maybe even *had*) come up with something on the level of a Bach or a Beethoven, something that might endure beyond the times that brought it forth. This was not *for adults*. It didn't negate the primary values that teenaged rock was built upon—it just added to them. It was music for both the head and the body, music that you *felt* in a direct way, but music that also challenged your intellectual processes and encouraged you to *think*. What more can anybody ask of any music?

The short (five years) history of Crimson recapitulates the history of classical music in a curious way. Early Crimson music (the first four albums: *In the Court of the Crimson King; In the Wake of Poseidon, Lizard; Islands*) is storytelling music: what is called in classical circles "programmatic music." It can be thought of as the soundtrack to an unheard (or partly heard through lyrics) narration. The resemblance to music like "Night on Bare Mountain" is marked.

The final three studio albums (*Lark's Tongue in Aspic, Starless and Bible Black, Red*) were made by a band almost wholly different (save for Robert



Fripp, whose musical growth Crimson most obviously reflect(s) and contain non-storytelling music (despite occasional lyrics), for which the classical term is "abstract." This is essentially music that exists purely for its own benefit and not for any external purpose such as storytelling, dancing, or

Music on this level is potentially the highest art and also the hardest to accomplish well, since it has no crutches (such as an intriguing story line or a catchily danceable beat) to give it support. It stands or falls on its own terms and alone. When it stands it does so magnificently, cravingly. There can be nothing better. When it fails, we are embarrassed for it and walk quickly away.

Very little rock has ever aspired to such levels. Most of what did try failed—and was unfailingly jeered by rock critics who seemed as affronted by the *attempt* as by the failure. Thus, alone of all the musical "trends" of seventies rock, progressive rock (which is to say ambitious rock, rock that tried to keep on growing) has been slagged in the rock press with terms like "pomp rock" (for "pompous"), its ambitions openly sneered at. It is as though the rock establishment said, "Rock is for immature people, and that's the way we want to keep it."

For the most part, King Crimson succeeded. Its failures were those of repetition (of past successes of vocabulary); they were curbed by Fripp's restructuring of the band and its music in midstream and his decision in 1974 to kill the band in favor of solo work (and a temporary exile from music).

Nothing has gone beyond King Crimson since 1974, for reasons that elude me. But while Crimson was ignored in this country (by the press, its fans are *still* loyal), its music was enormously influential in Europe.

You know Americans are reverse snobs about classical music. Among most people in this country an admitted liking for classical music is anathema; it makes you a "sissy" and an egghead. Perhaps because [illegible] date back less than one hundred years (and were borrowed whole from Europe and Africa), our musical tastes are populist and determinedly lowbrow.

In Europe this is not true. The classical tradition is alive and breathing throughout European culture; it is absorbed subliminally there as it is not here.

Classical music represents the evolution of musical thought over a period of more than four centuries. Like all music, classical music started out as dance music (surprise!) and entertainment, albeit for different times and classes. Nearly every evolved tradition and form in classical music exists as an answer to a problem, and those problems are universal to abstract music. One of the simplest, for example, is: how can we structure pieces that are more than a few minutes long?

The easiest answer—and the first to be discovered—is repetition. You want to take a three minute song and make it six minutes long? Do it . . .

The next-easiest answer is to make up the long song (or piece) out of *seven* short songs. When Duke Ellington started writing the first extended jazz compositions (at a time when the usual limit of a record side was three or four minutes, the longer pieces had to be recorded as "part one" and "part two" or reserved for concert performances) that was his solution. Later, he created "suites" made up of as many as five distinct songs. His genuinely extended works had to wait for the LP record.

Yet a more complex solution was the "theme and variation," in which the initial melodic line (or song) is treated to a variety of tricks, such as inversion and repetition as a fugue.

My point is that in classical music all these solutions have been discovered and explored—to the point that in the twentieth century classical music had to abandon traditional melodic concepts altogether for the pure abstractions of serialism, randomity or mathematics.

Inevitably, anyone who follows the same explorations will discover the same territory. Thus, when rockers began looking for extended forms, the classical solutions were there, ready and waiting. Groups like Yes became well known for following this route, and it's significant that not one important progressive group came from the United States—they all came from European culture where classical solutions are nothing to be ashamed of. (The one American exception is Frank Zappa's music, which intermittently reflects his love for modern composers like Varese, although to a lesser extent these days than ten years ago, unfortunately.)

In Italy, where opera was born and whence we inherited our entire system of musical notation, along with nearly all the classical musical terms, progressive rock immediately took root. King Crimson was an enormous influence on Italian bands all through the seventies, and the better than fifty separate bands (most of whom recorded only one album) made their own brand of music based on Crimson, Van Der Graaf Generator, Yes, and Genesis. Much was derivative, but all of it was imbued with melodic freshness and a soaring ambition to marry rock to the musical traditions of Italy.

In the mid and late seventies it was possible to find many Italian albums in the rock-imports bins. Premiata Forneria Marconi (PFM) was the best known, with several domestic releases here, but there were scores of others: Le Orme, Osanna, RDM, Goblin, Banco (del Mutuo Soccorso), Aqua Fragile, Balletto di Bronzo, Arti & Mestieri, Blocco Mentale, Cervello, Capsicum Red, Cervo, Dei Miracoli, Formula 3, Il Volo, Jumbo, Latte e Miele, Reale Accademia di Musica, Semiramis, Picchio dal Pozzo, Sensations' Fix, New Trolls—the list goes on and on. Now, if you can find albums by any of these groups, snap them up because soon they'll be gone for good. The political and economic climate in Italy soured in 1976, and few bands have survived beyond that year.

The Germans built upon Stockhausen's intellectually arid electronic and randomity experiments of the fifties and upon the psychedelic music of the Grateful Dead and early Pink Floyd, coming up with groups like Can, Cluster, Neu, Amon Duul II, Kraftwerk, Tangerine Dream, and Faust. The trend by the end of the seventies was largely away from electronics toward a warmer, more melodic based and rock-oriented music, exemplified by Sahara and Hoelderlin.

In France, jazz has always held sway, and France—after clasping to its breast the corpse of

twenties jazz until the stench was overpowering—went for post–Ornette Coleman jazz in a big way. For that reason France has been very active in jazz-rock fusion (through groups like Magma), disco (where France is second only to Germany, if to any), and other musical streams. But groups like Space Art, Pulsar, Treponem Pal, and Shylock, among others, have demonstrated French affinity for progressive rock in its various manifestations.

Europe has produced a great deal of music that built upon the growth of the sixties. The growth didn't stop in the seventies in Europe.

The eighties promise a lot of changes. The new wave, which had its genesis in the early Roxy Music of 1971-72, in the back-to-the-roots primitivism of punk rock, and in the electronics revolution in musical instruments, may well assimilate everything (including progressive rock) within its diverse boundaries. Indeed, as new-wavers keep growing it would seem inevitable that they reinvent progressive rock in their own terms. The present ferment in music can only be compared with that of the sixties.

There is, however, one important distinction to be made. The original wave of progressive rock reflected what I consider to be an essentially romantic temperament. (This may be another reason that some rejected it.) The new wave reflects an antiromantic cynicism—an "ashcan school" realism almost directly opposed to romanticism.

"Romanticism" means "emotionalism." Certainly emotionalism can lead to excesses, and has. Nor is new-wave music (most of it, anyway) unemotional. But I sense a hesitancy among new-wavers to express emotion outside one narrow area: that of hostility, bitterness, and anger. They may make sense for people brought up in the English urban working class; it makes less sense for suburban middle America, where life is much less mean!

My Perfect Music is not crippled emotionally—it is whole, and expresses the whole of human emotion. I've been waiting since 1974 to hear it expressed again as perfectly as it was by King Crimson. I'm afraid I may have a long wait ahead.

Dr. Progresso is a popular Washington, D.C.–area disc jockey and columnist.

COMIX by Jay Kinney

continued from page 6

land, a country the size of New York State, has no fewer than *four* weekly papers devoted to pop music, with combined readership in the millions. The British devotion to rock is staggering.)

Savage Pencil's "Zoo" is a free-for-all commentary on superstars, fans, managers, groupies and fads—all portrayed with an ever changing menagerie of animals. Why animals?

I think animals have a lot of expression—much more expression than human beings have. Drawing human beings can be very tedious. There's more silly animals in the world that you can associate with people—like this really big pop star [who] resembles a chipmunk.

"Zoo" has been running in *Sounds* since February 1977, the heyday of Punk. Because the strip pokes fun at the ongoing idiosyncrasies of rock culture, Savage has to keep an ear to the ground as much as any rock journalist.

"I have to go check out everything. I have to go buy the damn rotten album and go take a listen to it ... and figure out exactly what's going on, because it's stupid being ignorant about it, because then you're like Mr. Newspaperman. He draws that stuff every week and he doesn't know what the hell he's talking about.

"You've got to really understand what it's about and read interviews ... get some idea of how the character goes—then smack them in the face—it's only then that you can lambaste them.

"Zoo" is drawn with a quavery rapidograph line that helps bring out the grotesque in Savage's characters. It's a style that seems to capture the quirky rhythms and ironic moods of new wave amazingly well. Who are his influences?

"Big Daddy Roth was an influence because I was just a teenager then, making all those model kits, and lusting after those Ratfink things. And early Cal Schenkel things. I used to go, 'Wow, this is great stuff, this dog playing this guitar!' " Savage insists that the biggest influence on his life was Schenkel's *Ruben and the Jets* cover art for Zappa and the Mothers.

Not long after he first started satirizing rock in comics, Savage Pencil also began playing it. His first band was the Art Attacks, a raucous Punk group with a sense of humor. Their posthumous single (on Fresh) issued last year—"Rat City" b/w "Punk Rock Stars"—sounds like a "Zoo" strip set to music. J. D. Haney, the Art Attacks drummer, has since gone on to play in the Monochrome Set, one of the best new wave groups in England.

Savage Pencil's current group is called the Tagmemics.

"It [means] the science of language ... linguistics. It's just a word I found when I was doing the paste-up job. I was thinking day and night that it was meant for a poem, but I couldn't think of one. It was getting me really pissed off, so I decided I'd call the band that."

The Tagmemics have a three-song 45 out on Index Records (Box 944, Los Angeles, CA 90028). The music is considerably more sophisticated than that of the old Art Attacks, while Edwin's lyrics are as comic as ever. One song, "(Do the) Big Baby," begins:

> In every playpen across the land
> Take your sibling by the hand
> Shake your rattle and luck out the prams
> And do the big baby!

The 45's picture sleeve is designed by Gary Panter, the LA cartoonist who has done several recent Zappa LP covers. Panter was recently in the Ralph Records recording studios working on his own 45. Could this be a trend?

Savage Pencil lives just up the road from Camden Town in London, the neighborhood that has spawned the rising ska group Madness. Two hours away by train is Birmingham, the British answer to Detroit. B'ham is the home of the Beat, another great ska-n'-rock group with a new album out on Go Feet/Arista. Staff artist for the Beat (not to be confused with the California group of the same name) is Hunt Emerson.

Hunt spent the latter half of the seventies in the lonely role of the U.K.'s best underground cartoonist. England has never had a strong comics tradition—the boys' weeklies such as *Beano* feature a "Bo ho, lads!" brand of comics that seems to be the

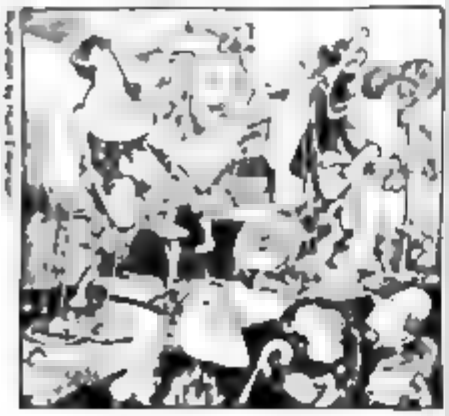
general state of the art—and drawing alternative comics for adults is definitely an uphill battle there.

For several years Hunt and a few close friends ran Ar Zak, their own underground press, and published an impressive string of books including *Streetcomix*, *Moon Comix*, *Committed Comics*, *Heroine Comics*, and others. However, as always with these things, distribution was poor and the audience small. Hunt came out of the experience pretty discouraged. During 1978 and 1979 he cartooned for *Melody Maker*—one of *Sounds*'s competitors. He specialized in comic illustrations for music articles and caricatures of rock stars. Currently most of his energy has been going into ad art. Illustrations for *Radio Times* (the BBC weekly), various motorcycle magazines, and all the design work for the Beat.

In these days of international mass-marketing, pop groups have a natural tendency to come on like multinational corporations, complete with a group "look" and trademark. Whether it's Blue Oyster Cult's hooked cross, the Grateful Dead skull, or Cheap Trick's typewritten name, the effect is amazingly similar—a simple eye-catching logo that immediately identifies the group and its fans.

The ska trend, which has taken England by storm, has had its own black-and-white style that many of the rising groups have done their best to plug into. The Specials' Two-Tone Records with their checkerboards and "Two-Tone Man" in shades and narrow ties is the best-known. For the Beat, Hunt designed the "Beat Girl," a beehived honey based on a photo of a sixties Jamaican teen dancing to the music of ska pioneer Prince Buster.

The Beat's posters, buttons, postcards, and record jackets, by Hunt, all smack of a stark fifties kitsch aesthetic—a hard-edged, angular look that suits the group's raspy ska beat. This work contrasts with Hunt's cartooning style, which is the epitome of fluid brushwork. He likes working with the Beat precisely because it gives him a "chance



Whether designing or cartooning, Hunt, like Savage Pencil, has found it essential to keep up with the lastest developments in the music biz.

"I read the gossip columns in the rock press and check out the charts—you know, the scam," Hunt smiles. But, ironically, he's generally found that there's something about cartooning that runs at cross-purposes to being a loyal rock fan.

"It takes so long to do a comic strip—three or four nights—that it's hard to be out there on the scene, which you need to be in order to do a good comic about rock."

For now, both Hunt and Edwin seem to be doing a good job of juggling that contradiction, but one suspects that in due time they'll shift their attention to other facets of popular culture. Already Edwin admits to a certain burn-out factor.

"I started off doing it loving rock 'n' roll and loving comics just as much, but as it's gotten on I find that I love comics more now. The rock 'n' roll part of it is sort of like fading away, because I'm getting more and more bored with what's happening. There's some interesting things going on, but now I've become some sort of recluse, and I just listen to old sixties stuff, old weird Ella Fitzgerald albums."

For his part, Hunt has just finished his own forty-eight-page comic called *Thunder Dogs* to be published later this year by Kip Off Press in the U.S. It's a hilarious transdimensional strip in the slapstick tradition of "Black and Blue Hawks" by Wally Wood in the old *Mad Comics*. And you know, there's not the tiniest trace of rock or ska (or even old 78s) in it!

Back home in San Francisco I continued to mull over the Rock/Comics question. Early underground comics were closely associated with the S.F. rock scene, to be sure, but I'd covered that in previous columns. Talking with Hunt and Savage Pencil had provided some insight into the reasons there aren't more cartoons *about* rock in the world. But there was still a roughly formulated notion somewhere in my brain I couldn't quite put my finger on, something about the resemblance between comics and rock themselves.

One has to tread carefully here because, obviously, the two fields are so variegated that no generalization will hold for all. Granting that, however, there do seem to be some strange links between the rock industry and, say, superhero comics.

The recent phenomenon of musician as superstar is nothing so much as the lifting of the superhero myth from the realm of comics into popular music. The rock star can drink, smoke, snort, pop, fuck, and destroy hotel rooms much better and longer than mere mortals can. The [illegible] of Queen, singing We Are the Champions, or Motörhead plowing through "Highway to Hell" is pure Stan Lee—almost. What's different is the comic hero's moral stand as defender of law 'n order, while the rock star's task is the celebration of hedonism, chaos, and the obliteration of parental authority.

The villains in comics have always been more interesting than their do-gooder foils anyway—something that Kiss clearly kept in mind when they concocted their act.

What's wrong with such rock stars is not that they are tools of the devil, as your neighborhood Jesus freak would contend, but that the "star" concept itself is a self-serving lie perpetuated by the rock industry with the goal of convincing you that they're selling something you need, that only they can provide. Indeed, the record companies are so geared up for hyping a few selected icons that there is little place for new musicians with more modest goals (such as simply making good music).

Well, perhaps I'm overstating the case (though the local Top 20 AM station's insistence on programming three-year-old Eagles songs hourly, as if they were still current, suggests otherwise). If you want to pursue this chain of thought further, I highly recommend Geoffrey Stokes's book *Star-making Machinery* (Vintage paperback, $3.95) for a demythologizing look behind the scenes.

Other Rock/Comics similarities suggest themselves—most significantly the reliance of both upon exaggerated emotions and stylistic flash. The Corben-Meat Loaf nexus. And then, in certain circles, there's the absurdist connection—Zippy the Pinhead as the fifth Ramone. Both rock and comic art have an impressive capacity for transcendent stupidity.

In the end, though, as I read my *Star Wars* comic, listen to the Kinks singing "Superman," go to the *Popeye* movie, and drink from my Mickey Mouse shot glass, I'm struck by the fact that rock and comics and movies and TV and headsheets are all being woven into a multiarmed straitjacket that threatens to limit our choices drastically. To switch metaphors, it seems as if a series of marketing steamrollers are flattening the cultural landscape until, I can see it all now, there will be *the* comic about *the* rock group in *the* movie!

As the Talking Heads sing:

> Everyone is trying to get to the bar
> The name of the bar, the bar is called Heaven.
> The band in heaven plays my favorite song
> They play it once again, they play it all night long."*

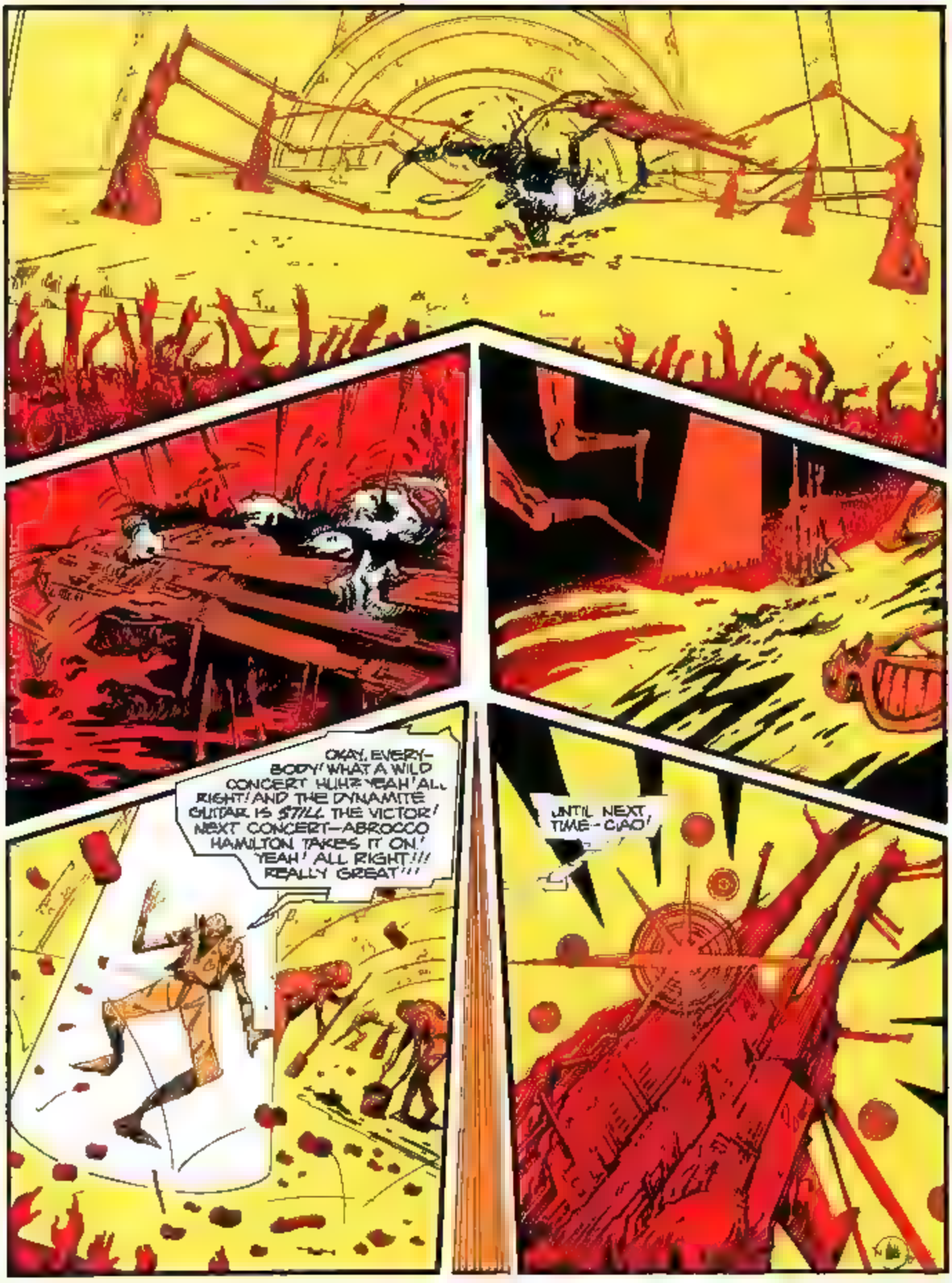
*From "Heaven," by the Talking Heads, © 1979 Index Music/Bleu Disque Music Co., Inc. (ASCAP).

New Publications

On the other hand, as if to contradict my doomsaying, items like the following keep hopping into my mailbox.

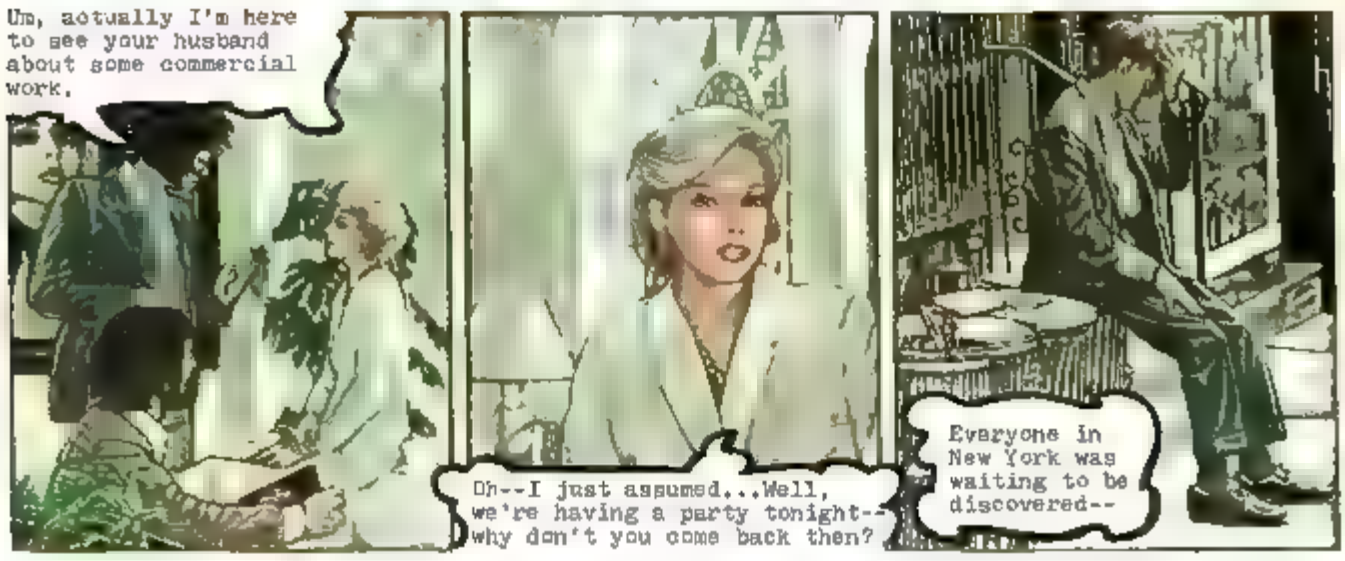
Yikes #4 is a highly entertaining comic—entertaining, in fact, that I read all the way through its thirty-six pages before I realized that it was a theme book—about "funny food," no less. George Erling, who edited the comic and drew over half of it, has a lively, animated style that seems to generate laughs no matter what the situation. Plus he draws the cutest little pint-sized women I've seen since Bode. Hunt Emerson has four pages of "Large Cow Comix," while Greg Spagnola has a mysteriously unsigned two-page lion-and-lamb strip with a twist ending. The rest of the book is short stuff by a variety of folks. The back cover by Joel Milke (with bizarre color by Romero) is a hilarious combination of Southern California fast-food and new-wave styling. (And why don't we see more by Milke around? Get on it, Joel!) (*Yikes #4* is $1.50 postpaid from Everyman Studios, 432 South Cascade, Colorado Springs, CO 80903.) ●

LEAD
GUITAR


OKAY, EVERYBODY! WHAT A WILD CONCERT HUH? YEAH! ALL RIGHT! AND THE DYNAMITE GUITAR IS STILL THE VICTOR! NEXT CONCERT—ABROCCO HAMILTON TAKES IT ON! YEAH! ALL RIGHT!!! REALLY GREAT!!!
UNTIL NEXT TIME—CIAO!

© 1980 Rod Kierkegaard, Jr.

And so, during the worst crisis the garment industry had ever known, I arrived in New York City.
Cotton had risen 1,000%, business lay helpless in the grip of polyester...
Stretch nylons are tight right now, but I might have something for you in impregnated polyguards...


Um, actually I'm here to see your husband about some commercial work.
Oh--I just assumed...Well, we're having a party tonight--why don't you come back then?
Everyone in New York was waiting to be discovered--

SF by Steve Brown

continued from page 6

deserted subway platform, his Walden Pond; and he has just written a novel called *City Come A Walkin*.

The book begins on an average night at the Club Anesthesia in a near-future San Francisco. Catz Wailen and her band are pounding out their angst rock onstage. The patrons are raising hell and throwing rubber beer bottles at each other. Huddled groups are organizing unpleasant scenarios in dark corners. Stuart Cole, the owner/bartender, is wondering where he's going to find another bouncer—the one he has is "... already overworked, the poor fellow's knuckles bruised." Then San Francisco walks in. The literal embodiment of the city-made-flesh:

> ' ... that's no *one* person. Don't you understand that? That's the city. Itself. The sleeping part, awake and dreaming corporeally. Slutterkid. Y'know? It's the gestalt of the whole place, this whole fuckin' city, rolled up in one man. Sometimes the world takes the shape of gods and those gods take the form of men. Sometimes. This time. That's a whole city, that man, and I *don't* mean that metaphorically."

The man-shape being called City manifests differently to different people—as a pimp, a banker, a cop, a Wino, an ad executive, a hooker—but retains one physical constant: wraparound mirror shades with stems that reached a half-inch behind the frames and there sank into his temples, fusing seamlessly into skin and bone. The frames for the opaque lenses reached to meld with the skin over the eye-sockets ... the mirror shades were part of his skull."

Society is becoming increasingly decentralized. Money is almost wholly electronic (a handout to a street bum consists of transferring a buck from one card to another). The proliferation of home-terminal technology has just reached the point where it is unnecessary to leave the house to go to work, or even to live within a thousand miles of the office. Cities are becoming obsolete as their citizens spread across the empty land between them. This slow death by attrition has awakened the unconscious of San Francisco, forcing it to manifest itself so that it may take steps to insure its survival.

Stu Cole is a soft, reasonable man who wants nothing more than to run his club in peace. But City has arbitrarily enlisted him in its service, and Cole has no choice; he talks himself into believing that he is acting out of free will. City is as concerned with the welfare of individuals as you are with the feelings of a symbiotic bacterium in your intestine.

The book passes rapidly in a sputtering series of events that ram into each other with angular intensity. A Clash Album performed on paper. City weaves a logical, ice-cold, and Jim Jonesian spell around Stu Cole. He and Catz become drawn into events they don't understand; City's sentient pawns. They drag citizens from their houses to confront them with their degraded children. They infiltrate vigilante groups, get shot at, beaten, and tortured. And Stu Cole kills—an act that almost destroys him. Dancing to the strings between City's granite fingers.

Several parallel plot lines merge, split, and helix, culminating in a bizarre ending that joins hard-edged realism with a true urban spirituality. There are the vigilante groups determined to stop the angst-rock music and the culture it has birthed (an extreme version of today's punk posturings). There is the electronic money, control of which has passed into the hands of organized crime, which thus rules society. There

are City's own motives in preserving its existence in the face of its dwindling population (you may not be aware of, or care about, your intestinal bacteria, but you *need* them)

And there is the flowering of a fragile love between Stu Cole and Catz Wallen; between a pleasant sheep of a man and a razor-edged rock singer. Catz has known Cole for years, and theirs is a comfortable, nonsexual relationship. As Cole becomes enmeshed in City's dark plottings, Catz's feelings for him gradually enlarge into a poignant, forgiving love:

> "Look, don't—I mean, I can't—I'm. uh "
>
> "Shit city. You've got a couple of love handles and a pot belly. Big deal. I like my men soft, anyway. They're gentler. Look, I see your fears, Stu. Stop trying to hide from me."

City is an implacable *deus ex machina*. The manifestations of City are that of a true modern supernatural power: it dispatches driverless cabs, it alters the programming of computer-driven construction machinery; it causes pipes to erupt from the street to stop a bus; and:

> Streetlamps snapped down like slapped rulers, blocking the way. Six vigilantes ran in panic. Two were stopped by metal talons raking through the asphalt thick utility pipes crushing them instantly.

Shirley's prose is potent, strident, often awkward, and perfectly suited to the mood of his story. Between the words can be heard the crazed syncopated rhythms and tightly focused restless energy of the darkest of today's urban rock (which leads to a minor complaint: the book shouldn't be set in the future. The denizens of the alleys and the unheard sound of the music that permeates every sentence is pure 1980). The sentences blare and honk; the images are bright and filled with the gaudy night-lights of a neon porn district.

> Like some great beached dragon, the crowd moved in one body, in reptilian ripples, one multicelled massiveness writhing under the demanding message of the rock n' roll medium, its piebald hide—fifty thousand faces blurred one into the next—vibrant with life as it fed off the prodigious amplification storming rhythmically from the band.
>
> The players were costumed as gnostic holy men, initiate magicians and alchemists, in arcanely figured robes of red and black and silver. But the lead singer wore only a burlap toncloth, his cat eyes (pupil-slit green contact lenses) gleamed with alien intelligence. He wriggled masochistically under lash of bass and drum beat beat beat, moving in a bizarre choreography that was at once spontaneous as a whipsnap and elegantly contrived. The Computer sensed, at that climactic moment in the surge of the song, that it was time for the holography: the laser rapiers split, refracted, suffused, and formed shapes like wood turning on a lathe—and the roaring, cheering crowd, whose mesmerized faces were upturned like tossing waves before a storm, beheld a beast as big as a naval destroyer. It was a freakish, subhuman thing, a six-legged man who crawled on its armor-striated belly like an arachnid. Its huge misshapen head flashing with six eyes, its lipless mouth opening to reveal the bars of a city jail from which prisoners peered with hollow eyes—the band thundered on like a phalanx of armored tanks grinding across a battlefield.

City's struggles for its continued existence are surreal in the original sense: impossible images that metaphorically relate a very concrete truth. John Shirley has created a modern archetype that will be instantly familiar to any city dweller. If you live in a big city—if you find yourself walking alone through manhole steam

--so Quintana was going to have to make a big impression.

But when we arrived at the party, I realized that, naively, I'd dressed her in last summer's nylon/satin tricot.

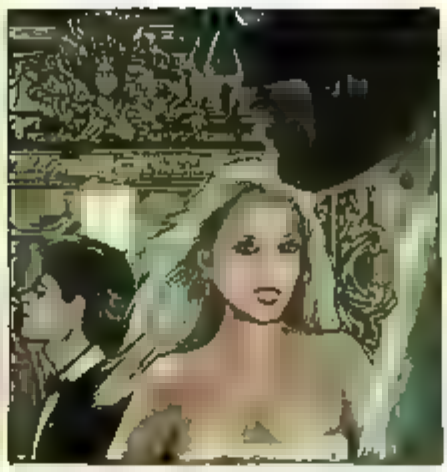
Luckily, others had made the same mistake, and the prevailing mood vacillated toward pastel mints.

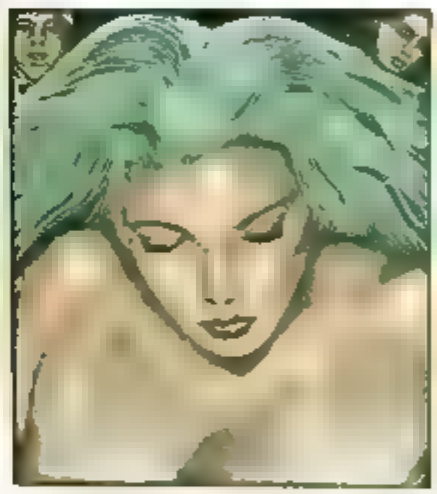
Inside, blond wood bottoms restlessly prowled the Berber-yarn flat-pile carpeting

seeking out peppery, potent barrel heels, their raw seams trimmed with the colors of envy, anger, and greed.

Obeying the same jungle instinct, a procession of patent leather pumped themselves at Quintana.

Hi. Don't you prefer the Blue Nun to the Chateau d'Yquem?





down snakebelly streets at 4:00 A.M. If you have ever heard the yeasting life felt the gestalt essence of the single organism that is a city if you feel at home in an anthill throng of *haute couture* pimps, vomiting bums, blank-faced bureaucrats, gesticulating crazies, the whole mad fermenting hive of a city—then this crude sledgehammer of a book will talk to you

John Shirley has lived in the center of a self-created cyclone since he was kicked out of high school, days before graduation, for writing and disseminating a seditious newspaper (not to mention locking a teacher in a closet). Notoriety accumulates around him as inevitably and as naturally as mold on bread

At the 1972 Clarion SF Writers Workshop, he etched himself indelibly into the minds of instructors and students alike While others were writing quiet parables and reworking ancient SF themes, John Shirley was creating mad, disturbing images that defied analysis locomotives traveling precise arcs across a solid sky over a bone-strewn landscape

In the ensuing eight years, he has skittered up and down the West Coast, taking a huge, demented joy in his psychosexual explorations. He worked when necessary everything from a typist for hire to a professional club dancer (his spastic dancing—like that of a rabid wolverine with its teeth sunk in a power line—is legendary). Somehow in the destructured life-style he revels in, he has found the time to write and sell six novels, a score of short stories, and uncountable articles and columns that have the underlying characteristic of generating outraged letters of protest

Three of those novels have been published. The first, *Transmaniacon*, is clumsy and riddled with naive characterizations, but infused with electric mania for imagery rarely seen outside of poetry It is, perhaps, the narrative equivalent of a Druillet or Giger His second is a chiaroscuro of horror, with the deceptively pulpish title *Dracula in Love*, wherein he brings into focus the sexual implications that are the necessary, but unspoken, component of the timeless power of the legend of that inimitable Transylvanian nobleman:

> With a single motion Dracula unzipped and that which had been waiting coiled at his thigh, filled itself with blood, the blood Dracula had just stolen, and stiffened itself as hard and curved and dark as the horn of a water buffalo The girl screamed at the sight of it
>
> The boy on his knees exclaimed, "It's got eyes. And it moved. By itself!"
>
> The thing that inhabited Dracula's crotch pulsed warmth into him, which clashed deliciously with the icy chill of stolen blood freezing his spine, and his need rose to a peak of desperation. Sobbing, the girl crumpled, fell on her back, and Dracula fell heavily upon her and the predatory spirit that lived in his organ ripped through her clothes and entered her in one cobralike strike.

Forthcoming will be a book entitled *The Exploded Heart*, an expanded version of "What He Wanted" (*Amazing*, November 1975) that promises to be a true fusion of SF and rock. It concerns the life and strange death of a rock violinist of vast charismatic power

In the late-middle seventies, John Shirley returned to Portland, Oregon, from a stint in the Coast Guard (after a few months of his presence, the Coast Guard threw up their collective hands in horror and politely invited him out—he insists it was because of an impassioned seven-page letter he wrote his commanding officer), lost, hungry, his mind bubbling over with prose that boiled out of him faster than he could put it down on paper

Then came the beginnings of punk, with its sneering repudiation of the processed-cheese product that had become the staple of the rock industry Punk was a godsend for John Shirley.

The times had caught up with him. He sank himself into the scene, singing his own music in front of seven different bands.

Shirley is well over six feet tall, built like a twisted coat hanger jammed into a light socket and topped with a shock of spikey blond hair. He is a riveting presence onstage, gyrating like a palsied demon to his provocative songs ("Sex-Change Bitch," "God Is Dead and I Want His Job") coaxing his audience into direct confrontations. One New Year's Eve he performed in a sweaty church basement to a shouting, trenddy hostile mob that embraced the nihilism of his lyrics—completely overlooking the ever present humor. They threw a Christmas tree at him; he caught it and proceeded to straddle it, humping it on beat, thrusting his hips, slamming into needled branches. By the final song, the frenzied crowd was throwing other things, big things—folding chairs—at the singer, who caught them and threw them back without ever missing that all-important beat. The crowd never understood the joke.

Soon his concerts—rock, like nails being driven into oak, intermixed with shouted, delirious readings of his poetry and short stories (rock without instruments)—became a local sensation. Crowds came to jeer (Portland is a bluegrass town) but stayed to watch in morbid fascination—this skinny apparition clutching white-knuckled at his mike, howling his underbrain imagery into the darkness.

Now he is starving in his natural habitat—New York—scuttling down the streets, cataloging its denizens, working with some new musicians, and writing.

Shirley's fiction is soaked, steeped in rock mythos, attitudes, and emotions—whether or not it contains any overt rock images. He is convinced that "SF and rock come from separate poles and meet at the equator" and is devoting his career to proving this:

> Some of us see hope in new modes of awareness, chemical enhancement of the senses and of the capacity to monitor the world—and in the electronic-organic interface. People like John Foxx, Fripp, Eno, and Nash the Slash are increasingly integrated with their equipment. But rockers have always thought of their instruments as extensions of their physical beings. That's why an electric guitar's note is so like a human cry. It's a shriek in the darkness. Patti Smith claims it's a new language analogous to the mythical language that united men and beasts prior to the fall of the Tower of Babel. The Rock Wail is a universal language, electronic amplification of emotion, audio telepathy.

He speaks of the "rock overmind," a concept that crops up time and again in his fiction, from the personified City in *City Come A-Walkin'* to the concert crowds in *The Exploded Heart*—crowds that the author sees as a single, million-tentacled organism, with consciousnesses of their own, separate from the individual minds in the crowd:

> I explore the group mind that arises at rock performances where thousands of people fix their attention on the cynosure, the performer, and where they not only hear his notes simultaneously—notes that are electronically amplified discrete emotional moments—they also *feel* each note physically. This, and the trance of physical involvement with the music, the metabolic communion with the Beat, makes possible a group mind of remarkable unity. On some level the audience is aware of this—they sense interpersonal electricities tugging at them, and they see in this an intimation of a new order of social being.

Shirley's lyrics, poems, and stories are filled with rage, pain, imagery from that atavistic part of the brain that squats at the top of the spinal

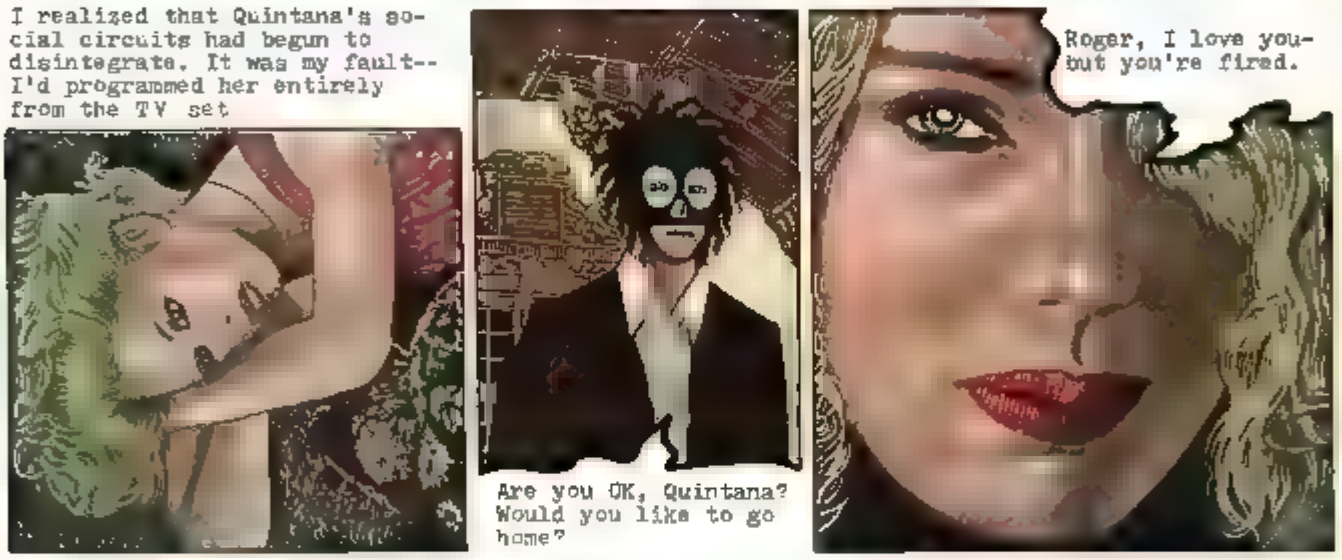
Onstage, the band was ending its set with the ritual guitar-smashing.

They were followed by a blind saxophonist-

--who accompanied himself on prepared tapes and rhythm machines.

--while he played, fragile and white, under a single naked spotlight.
I closed my eyes and for a moment was flooded with fragments of memory as sharp and painful as bits of shattered glass-

God--that was boring
I like thistle stemware, myself. I'd have gone with a hock wine goblet, for instance, instead of--
I love a hot Italian'


I realized that Quintana's social circuits had begun to disintegrate. It was my fault--I'd programmed her entirely from the TV set
Are you OK, Quintana? Would you like to go home?
Roger, I love you-- but you're fired.

cord—but always leavened with a sly, bloody humor. His most characteristic facial expression isn't a sneer but a wide grin heralding the beginnings of a full-throated laugh. His fascination with the darker side of human nature is that of a man enthralled with the humor that lies at the root of all humanity's activities. Astute *Heavy Metal* readers might have noticed the sardonic wit laced into the horror of his script for "Into the Breach," published last issue.

The fascinated hilarity with which he views the most painful foibles of the human race (his own as well as those of others) is perhaps best illustrated with this passage from a letter:

> I was standing on a street corner across from a block full of derelict buildings. It was late at night, the street was slick as a tongue with rain, and empty as the yearning palate of a thirsty wino, which is no frivolous simile, as it turns out. Because—the building defecated winos. I was gazing with my usual studied detachment at the broken-down buildings—they were as old as the steam-car and their sidewalks were littered with trash and plaster fallen from rotting cornices. The windows of one building were boarded over. One of the windows at ground floor was nailed over with cardboard, the flaps of the cardboard overlapping. As I watched, a man's hand emerged, groping, from between two of the flaps. It was followed by another hand, arms, a grisly matted head, shoulders, an old man (or a young one, aged) pressing out head-first. It's important to picture them coming out head-first—and he pulled himself out by dragging himself along the sidewalk with his raking fingers, clanking through the trash as he popped from the slats. crawled on hands and knees clear of the trash. He stood, shakily, and turned like a crazily bent weathervane, sudden and awry, to shout at the window what sounded like COMUNGORYLHFUGGINSH IDUNBASTUDUNSTOPYERT GUXCDNERNIPSLE! As if in reply to a masterful invocation of an elemental, a scruffy demiurge of the wine god pressed lobsterhands and a blocky face out the flaps, coming out head-first, dragging along the ground, legs popping free last. Now there were two, shouting at the cardboard flaps. In response, a third derelict struggled into the crepuscular venue, upperparts out first—it was like a grotesque birth, as if the derelict building was distilling essence of itself (all buildings are human exoskeletons, they're like plaster casts over personality formats). A fourth wino began to emerge, more tubby and tubular than the others, and dirtier—the building defecated him. He was potbellied, and stuck in the thick cardboard flaps. The other three, laughing, staggering, tried to pull their friend free, and succeeded only in wedging him more inextricably, whereupon he yelled: FUCKINBASTUDSONSUBITCHBA STUDS YUHKILLIN ME YUH KILLIN ME FUCKINBASTUD SUNZABITCH BASTUDS so loud heads turned three blocks down. Finally—as the building heaved a sigh of relief—the old coot popped out, glop, onto the sidewalk. His friends helped him to stand (though not with the reverence with which they retrieved a wine bottle carefully set to one side) and all four staggered off, howling drunk and singing, the best of friends.

City Come A-Walkin' by John Shirley, Dell, June 1980, $1.95

Dracula in Love, by John Shirley. Zebra, August 1979. $1.95

Transmaniacon, by John Shirley. Zebra, January 1979. $1.95 ●

FLIX by Bhob

continued from page 6

mers on the move—before he is eventually brought before the "Worm Judge" for daring to express his feelings. Finally, as cataclysmic sounds erupted from the speakers and smoke bombs were unleashed, this film screen/Wall of society fragmented and collapsed.

In lashing together as tight as a tick, these various elements—concept album, hit single five music, theater, light show, film, TV promos, print advertising, package design—Pink Floyd employed a visual flair that gave the music world something to think about. The culmination of rock phantasmagorics launched by the light shows of the sixties.

But then one recalls several other visual highlights in this group's fourteen-year career dating back to their audio counterpoint for the slow-motion exploding house in Antonioni's *Zabriskie Point* (1969). Some vivid footage synched with their "Atom Heart Mother" suite and produced for PBS in the early seventies, bore a remarkable resemblance to the trip sequence of *2001*; those who were fortunate to see this on PBS have never forgotten it. Pink Floyd is also the ideal accompaniment for the lush cinematography of Nestor Almendros in Barbet Schroeder's films, the mystical jungle journey to *The Valley* (1972); the heroin doom of *More* (1969) set on Ibiza, with a sun-drenched romanticism that makes it arguably the only film to correctly capture the lure of a descent into drugs. George Greenough's *Echos* (1976), from Australia, is twenty-two minutes of surfing to Pink Floyd sounds. Independent British animator Ian Emes, "the hired brain of the music business," swung open his *French Windows* (1973) to Pink Floyd, and his Timeless Films company in addition to doing BBC-TV program titles and industrials, also is credited for the visuals on Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon* tour.

The movie *Pink Floyd* (aka *Pink Floyd Concert* in cable airings) a 1971 French/Belgian/West German coproduction, features some of their memorable early numbers in a dazzle of dissolves, split screens, crisp cuts edited to the music and humor (a canine vocal interlude when the mike is held near a howling dog). Instead of the now familiar obligatory concert film shots of audience mob hysteria, this feature stands apart in its use of an unusual dramatic setting: the bandstand was located in the middle of the *deserted* amphitheater in Pompeii.

Tulsa Snake Funk

Since Michael Wadleigh's *Woodstock!* (1970) showed what could be accomplished with split screens, sound mixing finesse, and extensive camera coverage, there have been rock films unspooling to infinity—usually with cliche cutting from onstage footage to interviews. One notable exception is Les Blank's brilliant *A Poem Is a Naked Person* (1974), a penetrating mud-style portrait of Leon Russell and his fellow musicians in Oklahoma. The tunes are all-out funkiness, and, in one scene, a snake slithering on a mirror is fed a live chicken by someone who says, "You're in good hands with Ali Snake." Although one critic labeled this "the best rock n roll film to date" it received no commercial release—simply because Russell, who hired Blank to make the documentary, didn't like some of the things he saw in the finished film.

(Since Lou, one or two *HM* columns over from this one, has an encyclopedic head for this stuff, I stop typing here to reach him via fast fone call. "Fast" because neither you nor I wants to see Lou miss another deadline—not if he keeps on blasting out those typewriter power-chords of his. And, yes, Lou lays it on me: even *more rare*, even more difficult to see than the blanked-out Blank film, is *Cocksucker Blues*, a

Excuse me--I think I see somebody I know.
hey.
I followed him out onto the sidewalk in the pink glare of the sodium vapor lamps
Hey, wait a minute!
I had a dream about you-- we were on an other planet and
Shhhh!

To Be Continued

LET IT BE
OH YES YES YES
REMEMBER THE BEATLES...
THOSE WERE THE DAYS MY FRIEND
TALES OF MAGIC...
I WASN'T SURE I STILL HAD THIS REMEMBER WHEN THEY USED TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE THIS? THIS IS A REAL ANTIQUE A COLLECTOR'S ITEM!
ED MAJOR ART GENIUS COLON
...ICY IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS
GET BACK

1974 Rolling Stones documentary commissioned by the Stones but so potent they shelved it.

More and more musicians are now becoming directly involved in the realization of their own visuals. Eno has been experimenting with his ambient video" concepts displayed at La Guardia Airport. Near Woodstock, New York, in Bearsville, Todd Rundgren has built a $1 million studio, Utopia Video, to create video for his concert tours, in addition to producing a major video work (using models and four different types of synthesizers) based on Holst's *The Planets* as interpreted by the Japanese "master of sound" creator Tomita.

The concert films and the multimillion-dollar rock vaganzas (of which there are dozens in the planning stages or awaiting release) have usually seemed to me less engaging than the "illustrated song" mini films/tapes: the three-and-a-half minute animated *Fame*, by Richard Jeffries, Mark Kirkland, with views of the famous/infamous, set to the David Bowie song; Bowie feverishly throwing records about in *I Am the DJ*; Devo films by Chuck Statler (*The Truth about Devolution*) and Bruce Conner (*Mongoloid*); the post-Goon grotesqueries of George Harrison's *Crackerbox Palace*; Cat Stevens's own record-jacket illustration brought to life in his charming *Teaser and the Firecat* animation; the Doors' *Unknown Soldier* film (with interspliced Vietnam footage); the McCartneys' lively *Coming Up* (multi-image video techniques by Keeico forming a band of two different Lindas and ten different Pauls); the aberrant images accompanying Ireland's Boomtown Rats in *Rat Trap* and their controversial *I Don't Like Mondays* (about seventeen-year-old Brenda Spencer, imprisoned for killing two, wounding nine, when she shot up a San Diego elementary school, January 1979, because she didn't like Mondays). True, many such snippets are produced for promotional reasons, but that doesn't preclude the possibility of creative input. And this type of material has a rich history: the theatrical musical shorts of the thirties and forties, the black-and-white movie jukebox Soundies of the forties, and the color-movie jukebox Scopitone films of the early sixties.

One day in the near future you'll no doubt be able to *own* all the above items, and then you can stand there popping them in and out of your vid unit in a stoned frenzy—just like Bowie tossing those records around. Already, if you choose, you can ease on down to your friendly neighborhood vid-cassette dealer and pick up forty-five minutes of Gary Numan concert excerpts and promos, but so far there's no audio/video double play of the Silencers' wacky "Baseball" (Spirit Records) and hundreds of other tunes we'd all like to *see*.

Rupert on the Run

Linda McCartney, who calls herself a "Disney freak," must have liked the way Ian Emes visualized Pink Floyd in *French Windows* because she too turned to Emes for *The Oriental Nightfish*, four and a half minutes of animation abstractly illustrating her song. For the four-minute *Seaside Woman* (1980), Palme d'Or winner at this year's Cannes Fest, she commissioned animation from Oscar Grillo, a thirty-six-year-old London-based Argentinian best-known for his singing-sardine satires (starring Little Richard/Supremes/Elvis-type fish vocalists), and his colorful "miniature *Fantasia*" shampoo commercial.

More musical feature-length animation is also waiting in the, er, wings: the McCartneys have fourteen songs ready for a planned animated feature adaptation of *Rupert Bear*, the popular long-running British newspaper (*Daily Express*) strip created in 1920 by cartoonist Mary Tourtel. *Yellow Submarine* (1968) producer Al Brodax, who never got his outre *I Am the Dee* project out of the hellbox, is back in the saddle again with *Captain Fantastic & the Brown Dirt Cowboy*, an animated feature version of the Elton John LP, with designs from the "idiosyncratic vision" of England's Aylesbury-born Alan Aldridge, the well-known fantasy illustrator of posters, record jackets, newspapers, magazines, and books (*The Penguin Book of Comics*, *The Beatles Illustrated Lyrics*).

Into the Vortex

With rock visuals taking such diverse forms and increasing in technical/artistic sophistication, some might yearn for the kind of freedom, spontaneity, and unpredictability evident when rock light shows first illumed on the horizon.

The rock light shows of the sixties, emulating the psychedelic experience, actually had their origins in the fifties with the now legendary *Vortex Concerts* (1957-59) at the Morrison Planetarium in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park. The success of the *Vortex Concerts* can partially be attributed to the spectacular facilities (500 seats in a soundproofed, sixty-foot dome with a fifty-speaker sound system). They began when electronic composer Henry Jacobs obtained permission to use the planetarium for nonvisual concerts of contemporary music. This was soon followed by the appointment of a visual director, painter-filmmaker Jordan Belson (creator of the Proteus monitor footage for the 1977 SF movie *Demon Seed*). Using seventy projectors (including kaleidoscope, star, and rotational sky projectors), Belson flashed strobes, hung images in space, and striped the dome with moire interference patterns. "One of my greatest pleasures was working with the star machine at a point when the entire dome was bathed in a deep red," recalled Belson. "As the color began to fade away, there was a point when it overlapped with this beautiful starry sky: it was a breathtaking and dramatic moment. We could use the space any color we wanted. We could get it down to jet black and then take it down another twenty-five degrees lower than that, so you really got that sinking-in feeling." These performances were not spontaneous but were carefully rehearsed and timed for a presentation lasting fifty minutes. While Belson controlled the light, Jacobs manipulated the aural perspective on Balinese/Afro-Cuban music or compositions by Stockhausen, Berio, or Ussachevsky. One hundred *Vortex Concerts* were staged over two years, with the addition of film footage by Belson (*Allures*), Hy Hirsch (oscilloscope films), and James Whitney (Yantra) in the later [illegible]

Also in California in the late fifties, at the Venice West/North Beach beat coffeehouses, one could find wet shows (aka liquid projections)

EVEN THE EQUIPMENT USED TO PLAY RECORDS LIKE THESE WOULD HAVE BEEN OUTLAWED BY A MUSEUM TOO BAD THE BEATLES BROKE UP WHEN THEY DID
GOTTA GET YOU INTO MY LIFE
BUT MAYBE YOU DID THE RIGHT THING. BREAKING UP THEN LEAVING THE PEOPLE WANTING MORE THAT'S BETTER THAN RUNNING YOUR ACT INTO THE GROUND
I CAN'T COMPLAIN
AND IN THE END

accompanying poetry and live/recorded jazz. In August 1962, in Chatsworth, California, the science-fiction writer Robert Moore Williams (author of the *Zanthar* series) had an agape, visionary experience correlating the love of God with the colors of nature, he immediately began building his *Colorscopes* to function around him while he typed. "If color would bring back that love," he wrote later, "I would saturate myself in color. I wanted color in living, moving, ever changing forms on every inner wall of my house." Soon Williams was staging weekly color shows and envisioning a colorful future in the year 1996: "A theater built in the shape of a sphere, with the inner wall a translucent screen blazing color forms. In this theater where the audience watches in utter silence, a flute is whispering. A harp answers the flute and the two instruments drip honey notes into the glowing colors. Perfume comes into the air, and you visualize violets blooming in hidden nooks in the deep woods. Now the music changes, and the colors begin to dance with it, so that you wonder whether the music is creating the colors, or the colors are creating the music. A soft blue hue appears on the inner wall, and you begin to think of the blue of faraway skies. What is that music they are playing? That's the *Star Symphony*. Who will write it? I don't know his name, but I know his type. He will belong to the same breed as the stranger who came into a color show I was putting on down in the hills of the North Country one night. That man sat very quietly for a while, watching the moving color; then he reached down into the satchel he had brought with him and took out the type of flute called a recorder, which he began to play—as the color inspired him. So, perhaps, will the *Star Symphony* be written, by somebody who will wander in out of the night and see a color show for the first time. . . . On this planet a wind is blowing that never blew before."

The winds blew. Suddenly, the sixties erupted in a thousand suns' light dazzle. Rock light shows, according to some accounts, really got underway during performances of the San Francisco group the Charlatans at the Red Dog Saloon in Virginia City, Nevada, during the summer of 1965.

The effects of LSD were captured by Jackie Cassen and Rudi Stern in their dyed slides of molecular/cellular forms, projected during Timothy Leary's *Death of the Mind* celebrations. *Everybody* must get stoned. Ad agency dropout Gerd Stern and the USCO artists cooperative of Garnerville, New York, used paintings, neon, strobes, oscilloscopes, and incense for their memorable human-be-in environment at New York City's Riverside Museum—and USCO also lit The World, a "psychedelic discotheque," with twenty-one screens showing 16mm films, two thousand slides, and closed-circuit-TV blow-ups of dancers on the floor.

Excerpts from a 1967 USCO statement:

IN A WORLD OF SIMULTANEOUS OPERATIONS YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE FIRST TO BE ON TOP. USCO THE COMPANY OF US, IS AN ASTATIC FRAME OF MIND BASED ON THE FACT THAT WE ARE ALL ONE IN ORDER TO PROPAGATE THIS MESSAGE OF UNIVERSAL LOVE USCO AVAILS ITSELF OF A DIVERSITY OF TECHNIQUES: PAINT SCULPT TAPE PHOTO MECHANICAL PHONE RADIO MOVIE TV DIGITAL ANALOG FLASH PRINT SPEAK CONTACT AUTO MANUAL HYBRIDIZING AND SYNTHESIZING THEM FOR MAXIMUM EFFECT. THIS REQUIRES THE SKILL OF A NUMBER OF INDIVIDUALS, OF WHICH ABOUT A DOZEN LIVE TOGETHER IN AN OLD CHURCH IN UPSTATE NEW YORK WHICH SERVES AS A HOME RESEARCH DEVELOPMENT DISCRIMINATION TESTING EVALUATION FACILITY. HOWEVER USCO IS NOT JUST THE TWELVE AT THE CHURCH. IT'S ALL OF US EVERYWHERE. YOU MIGHT NEXT TIME YOU'RE ON A SUBWAY OR BUS OR TRAIN OR IN A CROWDED PLACE LOOK AROUND AT THE PEOPLE LOOK AT EACH ONE. ASK YOURSELF WHAT HE OR SHE DOES FOR YOU. THEN ASK YOURSELF WHAT YOU DO FOR THEM. SHALL WE PAUSE NOW AND TURN OUR BACKS UPON THE EDGE THAT LIES AHEAD? SHALL WE CALL THIS THE PROMISED LAND? OR SHALL WE CONTINUE ON OUR WAY?

Richard Aldcroft and his disorienting *Infinity Projector* were featured on the front cover of *Life*. John Lennon installed, in his living room, flashing *Signals* (truck fog lights) by Takis, a Greek who used army-surplus materials for his light effects. Others simply stuck diffraction discs on their foreheads.

Art and technology canceled each other out in *9 evenings: theatre & engineering* (13–23 October 1966), well remembered, by myself and others who went, as the Big Bore of the sixties. At a cost of $150,000, this affair took place in New York City's Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory (the same spot used for the famous, controversial Armory Show of 1913). Evidently planned as a follow-up historic event, *9 evenings* has since made the pages of history books simply because it was such a monumental flop.

More engaging, probably, were the 1966 Saturday-night light shows held by Dennis Wier on the bare white walls of his Venice, California, apartment: paying audiences of fifteen or so, sitting on floor mats, watched liquid projections of a "groovy psychedelic, moving, color fantasy with live music."

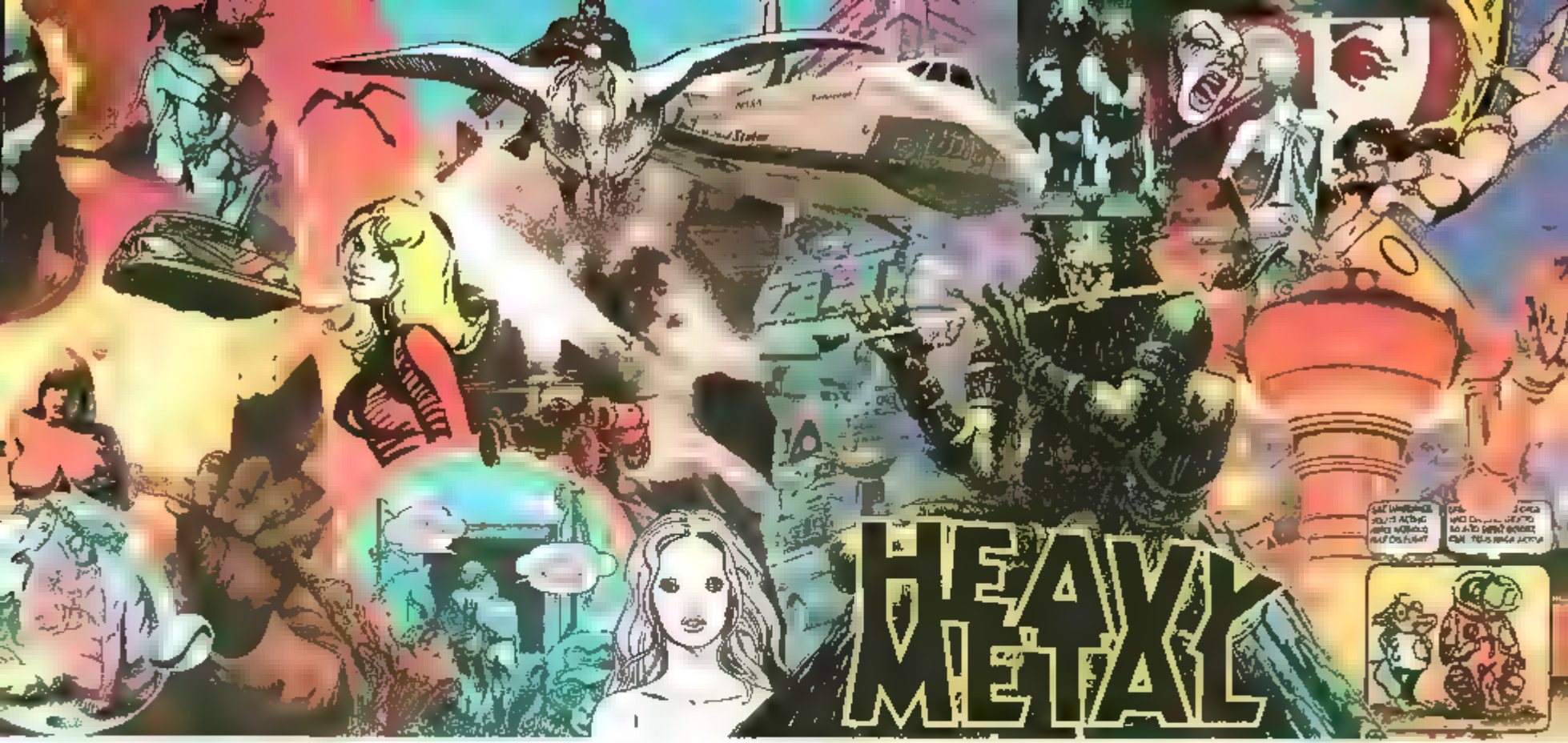
It Can't Happen Here

It was, as they said, all happening. At the Acid *Test* and *Trips Festival* in San Francisco's Longshoreman's Hall, at Frisco's Avalon Ballroom (where Bill Ham, Ben Van Meter, Roger Hilyard, and the North American Ibis Alchemical Co. handled the light shows for Jefferson Airplane, Big Brother, Quicksilver Messenger Service, and the Grateful Dead), at Los Angeles Shrine Exposition Hall, at the Boston Tea Party, at New York City's Electric Circus, San Francisco's Fillmore was well lit, courtesy of Glen McKay's *Headlights*, Tony Martin's *Light Sights*, and Dan Bruhn's *Fillmore Lights*.

VOICES FROM AUDIENCE (*in unison*):
We want to *hail* you!"

JANIS: One at a time, fellows, one at a

continued on page 66



COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL, 1977: The Collector's Edition, with the debut of Moebius's 'Arzach', Corben's 'Den', Bode's 'Sunport' and more ($5.00)

#2/MAY, 1977: Russian astronauts, Roger the pranced puppet, 'Conquering Armies', the ultimate rock festival, and more ($4.00)

#3/JUNE, 1977: Macedo's 'Rockbitz', the highly praised 'Shots', the beginning of Dave's 'World Apart', Moebius, Corben, Bode, more ($3.00)

#4/JULY, 1977: Lots of Moebius, 'Arzach', plus part one of 'The Long Tomorrow', also the final installment of 'Sunport' ($3.00)

#5/AUGUST, 1977: The saga of Polonius begins, 'The Long Tomorrow' conclusions, and 'The World Apart' and 'Den' continue ($3.00)

#6/SEPTEMBER, 1977: Roger Zelazny has a short story, Moebius a space opera, plus more 'World Apart', 'Den' and 'Polonius' ($3.00)

#7/OCTOBER, 1977: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's 'Airtight Garage', 'Den' and 'Polonius' redux, yet more ($3.00)

#8/NOVEMBER, 1977: New Harlan Ellison fiction, new color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for 'Polonius' and 'World Apart' ($3.00)

#9/DECEMBER, 1977: Extra pages for the complete 'Vuzz' by Druillet, 'Fortuna's Spell' by Clayton and Wein, plus full-color conclusions form Corben, Macedo, Claveloux and Moebius ($3.00)

#10/JANUARY, 1978: Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Richard update Ulysses, 'Conquering Armies' concludes, 'Den' continues ($3.00)

#11/FEBRUARY, 1978: New adventures of Barbarella, wraparound cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius, Corben, et al ($3.00)

#12/MARCH, 1978: Swashbuckling 'Onan' makes a debut, courtesy of Gray Morrow, and there's more 'Barbarella', more 'Urm', and yet more 'Den' ($3.00)

#13/APRIL, 1978: Our first anniversary issue! A thirty-page insert from Paradise 9, and Barbarella gives birth, while Dan wraps it up. ($3.00)

#14/MAY 1978: "Umi the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Nino tips his hat. ($3.00)

#15/JUNE, 1978: Corben introduces Shahrazad. Sturgeon's classic "More than Human" is illustrated, more "Barbarella," and the origins of "Heilman." ($3.00)

#16/JULY, 1978: A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for "1936," the resumption of Druillet's "Gail," yet more "Heilman," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights." ($3.00)

#17/AUGUST, 1978: Sorry—SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER, 1978: Corben's "Sindbad," Moebius's "Major," "Heilman," "Orion," "Long Sloane on Gail," and Harlan Ellison too. ($3.00)

#19/OCTOBER, 1978: "Exterminator 17," Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin," the debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus the usual. ($3.00)

#20/NOVEMBER, 1978: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more "Sindbad," "Exterminator," Major Grubert, Heilman's final rebirth, more. ($3.00)

#21/DECEMBER, 1978: The stocking's full with Orion, Kirchner's "Tarot," and twelve beautiful pages of Moebius. ($3.00)

#22/JANUARY, 1979: Trina makes her debut here, and Druillet concludes "Gail" plus McKie and Corben. How much can you take? ($3.00)

#23/FEBRUARY 1979: "Galactic Geographic," "Starcrown," Corben's "Sindbad," McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus Moebius, Bilal, and Macedo. ($3.00)

#24/MARCH, 1979: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," "Starcrown" II, and Ellison's late show. ($3.00)

#25/APRIL, 1979: Our second-birthday bash with Chaykin and Wein's "Edison Faust," the Ahlm portfolio, and Val Mayerik's "Time Out." And much more. ($3.00)

#26/MAY, 1979: It's all-American (except for Druillet's "Disco" and a Proust joke) fifteen entries including Corben, Morrow, the illustrated "Alien." ($3.00)

#27/JUNE, 1979: Fifty-four pages of "Captain Future," plus more illustrated "Alien," and the final episode of "So Beautiful and So Dangerous." ($3.00)

#28/JULY 1979: Bode's "Zooks" premieres, Corben's "Sindbad" concludes, Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts. ($3.00)

#29/AUGUST 1979: Caza steals the show with "New Art City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bode, more. ($3.00)

#30/SEPTEMBER, 1979: "Elric," "Buck Rogers," a lizard named Elvis, and Little Red V-3, alongside Montalbet and Moebius. ($3.00)

#31/OCTOBER, 1979: Halloween strikes with a tribute to H.P. Lovecraft with Moebius, Druillet, Suydam, others. ($3.00)

#32/NOVEMBER, 1979: Let us pray thanks for Corben's "Rowlf," Bode's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin's "Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more. ($3.00)

#33/DECEMBER, 1979: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Roloed Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius and Ellison, plus "Gnomes" and "Gunis." ($3.00)

#34/JANUARY, 1980: A new year—a new decade—begins with a new look for *HM* with the debut of four new columnists, new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan, the conclusion of Corben's "Rowlf," and much more! ($3.00)

#35/FEBRUARY, 1980: An early Courbin cover adorns this white issue. Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton" begins, McKie Experiments with the Au Pump and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip. ($3.00)

#36/MARCH, 1980: Why did The Crewsass take Jeannette? For the answer read the Schuster Bros. strip! Plus: Corben, Moebius, and Lee Marrs's "Good Vibrations." ($3.00)

#37/APRIL, 1980: Our third-anniversary issue—32 pages of "Champakou" in living color, the final installment of Moebius's "Airtight Garage," plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bode—and more! ($3.00)

#38/MAY, 1980: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axlo ever find out? Will Champakou reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the Alien Marilyn, too? Take a look. We'll never tell! ($3.00)

#39/JUNE 1980: Champakou meets his fate, while Captain Sternn saves the day. And in their revenge: "The Flying Wallendas vs. The Earth!" ($3.00)

#40/JULY, 1980: The Alchemist Supreme continues with Axlo learning the truth about his sidekick Musky Bilal's "Progress!" begins, and Moebius returns with "Shore Leave." ($3.00)

#41/AUGUST, 1980: Druillet returns with the last installment of "Salammbo," while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed). Bilal continues "Progress!" ($3.00)

#42/SEPTEMBER, 1980: The Alchemist Supreme concludes while Bilal's "Progress" picks up steam. Enki Colon, Paul Kirchner, and Leo Duranona all contribute nifty shorts while "Rock Opera" gets stranger yet! ($3.00)

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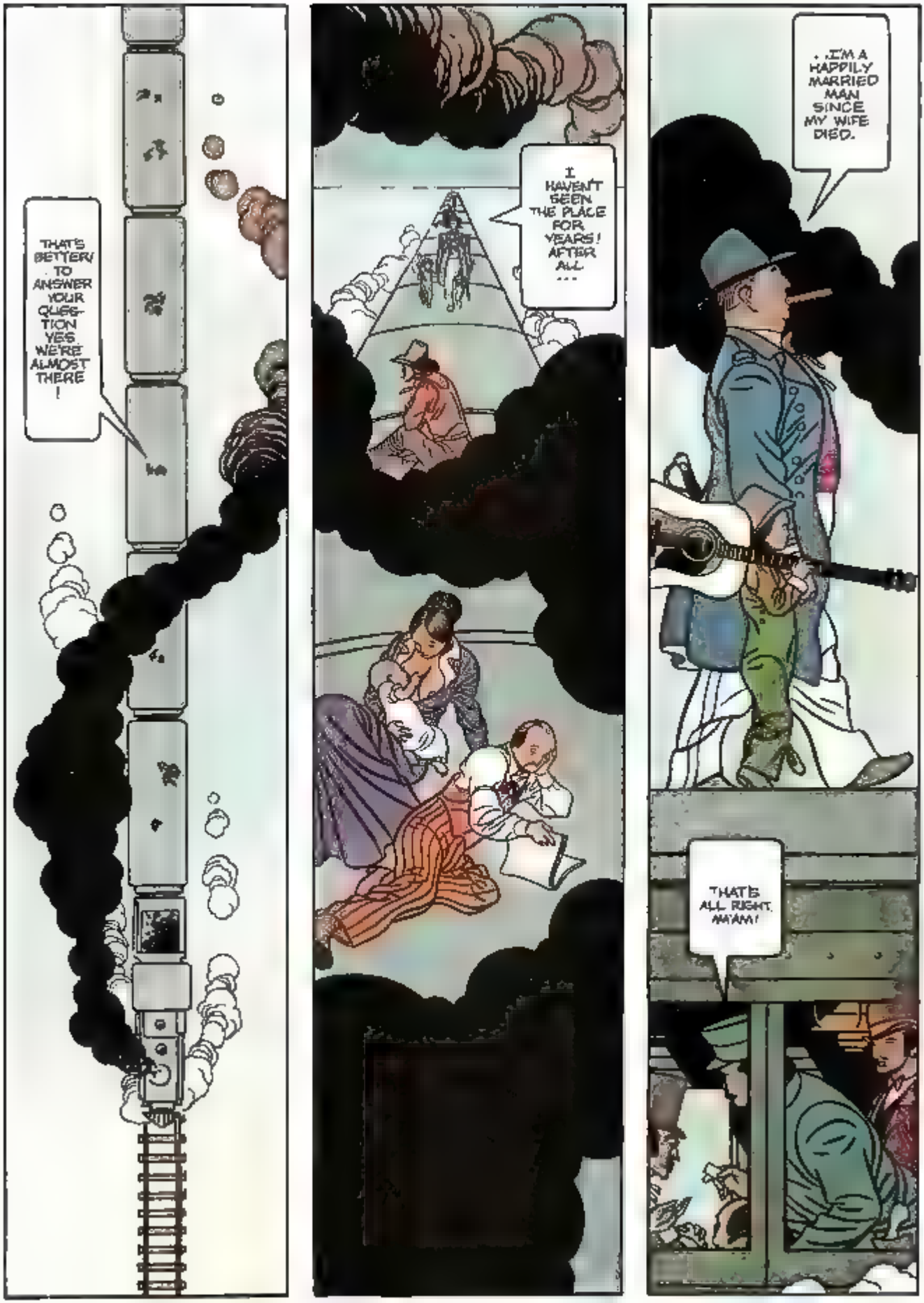
heartbreak hotel

by Dick Matena

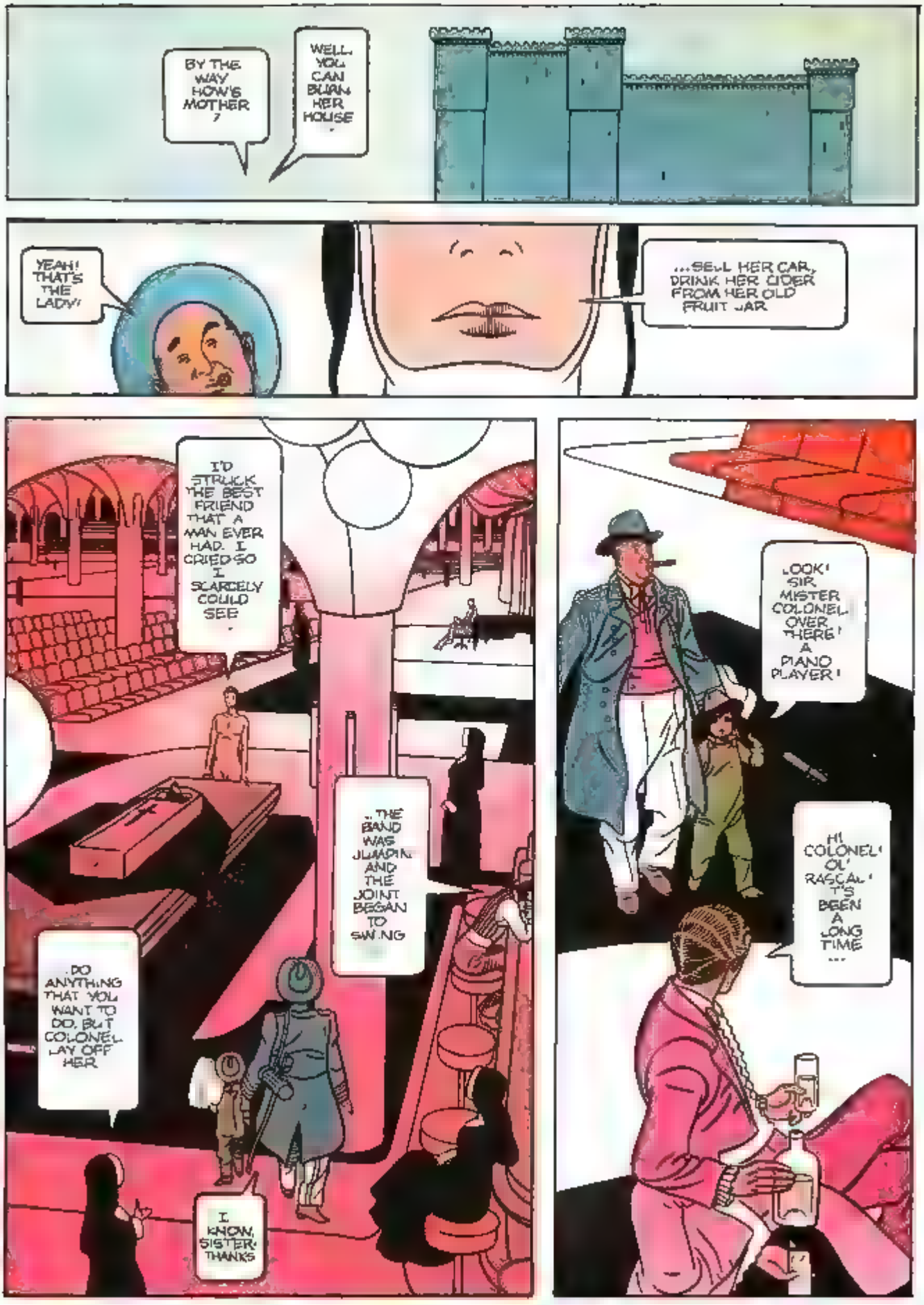
ARE WE ALMOST THERE SIR?
NOW LISTEN HERE, BOY! FIRST THING YOU HAVE TO LEARN IS BE POLITE! SO NEVER CALL ME SIR! AGAIN! UNDERSTOOD?
YESSIR, MISTER COLONEL!

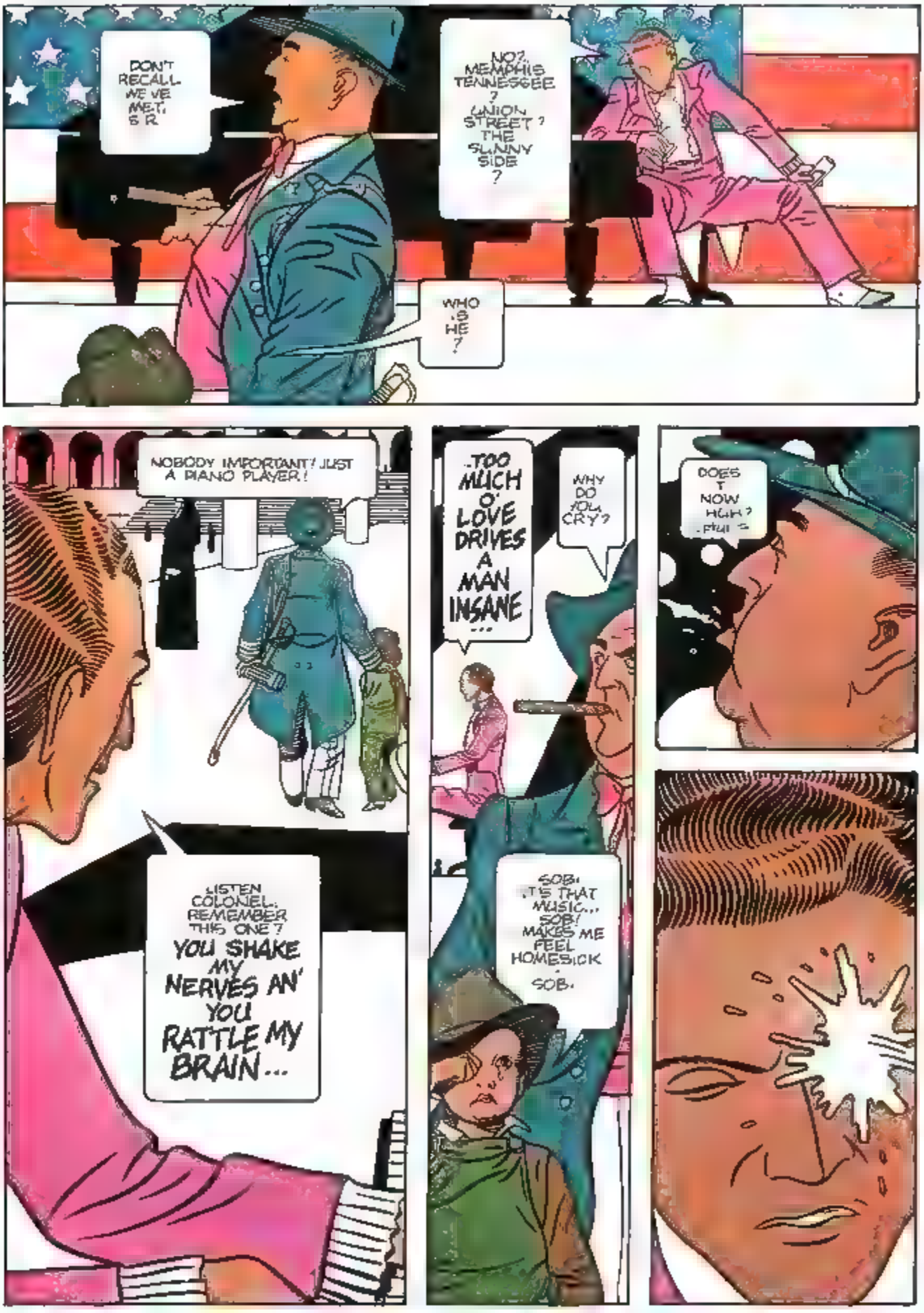

THAT'S BETTER! TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION YES WE'RE ALMOST THERE !
I HAVEN'T BEEN THE PLACE FOR YEARS! AFTER ALL ...
. . I'M A HAPPILY MARRIED MAN SINCE MY WIFE DIED.
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MA'AM!

THEY CALL THIS DESERT 'LONELY STREET'! IF EVER A PLACE DESERVED ITS NAME!
THERE IT IS! AT THE END OF 'LONELY STREET' HEARTBREAK HOTEL!
LOOKS LIKE A PRISON!
IT IS SONNY! TO THE SAD AND THE DESERTED.
GOOD MORNING MY FINE FELLOWS! WOULD YOU MIND STOPPING HERE AND LET US OFF?
STOP HERE? IN LONELY STREET? YOU MUST BE NUTS!
SIGH! ALWAYS THE SAME. OKAY BOY, GO AHEAD! SHOW 'M.
GLADLY S.R. MISTER COLONEL!
DON'T PAY NO ATTENTION! THEY MAY BE DANGEROUS!

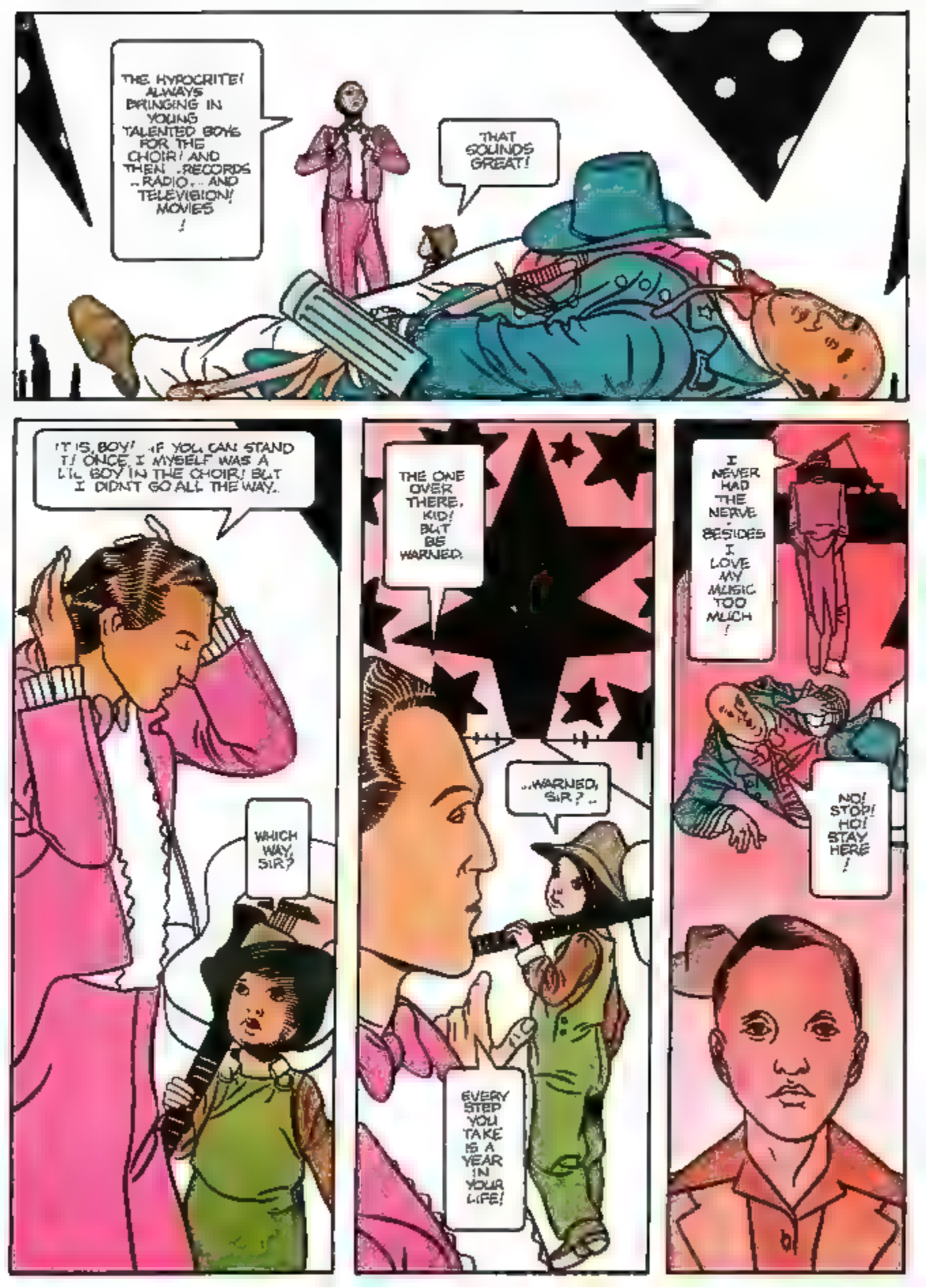
PAW PAW PAW PAW PAW PAW PAW PAW PAW
ARGHH!
AGH!
IN THE HANDS OF THE TALENTED A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT IS LIKE A WEAPON !
DON'T TELL ME, SIR! I'M A MUSI-CIAN MYSELF !
N MY SPARE TIME, OF COURSE: OH, IF ONLY I HAD KNOWN
IF ONLY IN DEED
WHAT A WONDER-FUL WAY TO GO.. W-WISH I'D LIVE T-TO TELL THE THE MISSUS...
DON'T WORRY! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT, MY GOOD MAN !
I ALWAYS HAD A WAY WITH THE LADIES! AND NOW, FOR THE BRAKES BOY! WE'RE LATE ALREADY !

A GREAT MOMENT IN YOUR LIFE, SON: THE START OF A CAREER!
IS HE THE NEW BOY FOR THE CHOIR, COLONEL?
HE IS, SISTER! AND A FINE LAD HE'S TOO!


BY THE WAY HOW'S MOTHER ?
WELL YOU CAN BURN HER HOUSE .
YEAH! THAT'S THE LADY!
...SELL HER CAR, DRINK HER CIDER FROM HER OLD FRUIT JAR
I'D STRUCK THE BEST FRIEND THAT A MAN EVER HAD. I CRIED SO I SCARCELY COULD SEE .
..THE BAND WAS JUMPIN AND THE JOINT BEGAN TO SWING
..DO ANYTHING THAT YOU WANT TO DO, BUT COLONEL LAY OFF HER
I KNOW, SISTER. THANKS
LOOK! SIR, MISTER COLONEL OVER THERE! A PIANO PLAYER!
HI COLONEL! OL' RASCAL! T'S BEEN A LONG TIME ...


DON'T RECALL WE'VE MET, SIR
NO? MEMPHIS TENNESSEE? UNION STREET? THE SUNNY SIDE?
WHO IS HE?
NOBODY IMPORTANT! JUST A PIANO PLAYER!
LISTEN COLONEL. REMEMBER THIS ONE? YOU SHAKE MY NERVES AN' YOU RATTLE MY BRAIN...
..TOO MUCH O' LOVE DRIVES A MAN INSANE...
WHY DO YOU CRY?
SOB! 'TIS THAT MUSIC... SOB! MAKES ME FEEL HOMESICK. SOB.
DOES IT NOW HIGH? PHEW!

WHO THE HELL DID THAT ?
THE COLONEL DID
SONNY AFTER EVERYTHING I'VE DONE FOR YOU YOU'RE BETRAYING ME! WHY?
BECAUSE I WANTED HIM TO GO ON PLAYING, SIR MISTER COLONEL !
HEAR THAT YOU FAT SON OF A BITCH! THE KID WANTED ME TO GO ON PLAYING!
SIR! MIND YOUR MANNERS! THE BOY 'S WATCHIN' US !
GOOD! I'LL GIVE HIM A BIT MORE TO WATCH! TAKE THAT!


THE HYPOCRITE! ALWAYS BRINGING IN YOUNG TALENTED BOYS FOR THE CHOIR! AND THEN ..RECORDS ..RADIO.. AND TELEVISION! MOVIES !
THAT SOUNDS GREAT!
IT IS, BOY! ..IF YOU CAN STAND IT! ONCE, I MYSELF WAS A LIL BOY IN THE CHOIR! BUT I DIDN'T GO ALL THE WAY..
WHICH WAY, SIR?
THE ONE OVER THERE, KID! BUT BE WARNED.
..WARNED, SIR? ..
EVERY STEP YOU TAKE IS A YEAR IN YOUR LIFE!
I NEVER HAD THE NERVE. BESIDES I LOVE MY MUSIC TOO MUCH !
NO! STOP! HO! STAY HERE !

WOW! COLONEL! THIS IS IT! HEAR ME SING! HEAR THEM CHEER! CRY! ...ALMOST DIE! ....
OH, MY GOD! HE'S GONE TOO FAR ALREADY! I CAN'T REACH HIM NO MORE!
... ONE BY ONE ...
...THEY'RE TURNING OUT THE LIGHTS...
THERE HE GOES! A LEGEND IN HIS OWN TIME!
...BUT IT'S GETTING DARK... ...COLONEL!... WHERE ARE YOU?... MOTHER! DAD! WHAT'S HAPPENING? HELP ME, PLEASE ...
... PLEASE, MOMMY! PLEASE ...
THE END

...FORTY-THREE...

continued from page 2

true facts do.) Modern rock is a plurality of styles and forms, and even the term "rock" means very different kinds of music for many of its listeners, some of whom may be turned on by balladeers like Joni Mitchell or James Taylor (who married rock rhythms to folk-melodic concepts), while others prefer the skull-bashingly high-volume pyrotechnics of modern heavy-metal bands like Aerosmith or Boston. Rock has its pop connections (the Beatles, the Beach Boys, or, more currently, the Buggles), its blues connections (the Rolling Stones, Ten Years After, Savoy Blues Band), its classical connections (virtually all of progressive rock, such as King Crimson, Genesis, Van Der Graaf Generator, Yes), its avant-garde connections (largely, but not wholly, European, with Eno as nexus), and its contemporary connections (the new wave). There's something there for everyone.

We haven't tried to be comprehensive with our selections for this issue. We didn't try to get a story done around each major figure or type of rock—that would have been exhausting, taken up many times the number of pages available, and more than likely turned out to be impossible. Instead we've used rock as a jumping-off point and a unifying theme, and the very diversity of styles and approaches represented by the stories sums up best, to us, the actual nature of rock music as we each variously perceive it.

Soheit. Here it is. Enjoy!

P.S.: Tom Yeates says that to best appreciate his "Worlds Among Us" you should listen to Jimi Hendrix's "Voodoo Child (Slight Return)" from the *Electric Ladyland* album (on Reprise) while reading his story.

—*Ted White*

FLIX by Bhob

continued from page 83

time.

One Electric Circus evening springs to memory: Just before I walked out, I looked back over my shoulder at the strobe-lit dance floor and saw Trina dancing with a gorilla. Meanwhile, on the West Coast, Carl "Hungry Freaks Daddy" Franzoni was dancing with a man in a mummy suit at the 29 July 1966 GUAMBO (Great Underground Arts Masked Ball and Orgy) when two thousand people jammed the Los Angeles Danish Center to see Frank Zappa and a freak-out light show. A giant bedsheet screen was used for Zappa's *Freak Out!s* at the Shrine Hall, where the Single Wing Turquoise Bird, throughout 1967–1968, created the 360° light shows.

Rainbow Soup

Animation artist Ken Brown (*Stampede*), a member of the light team at the "shrine to the mind," the Boston Tea Party, told me: "A group of about four of us were the house light show. We worked with just about every major act that hit the country in a two-or three-year period. Most of it was a lot of hand-painted slides using various dyes and colors. Many of our light shows, what we called *Human Interface*, were all physically manipulated to the sounds. I was the filmmaker for the group; at that time I was doing a lot of collage animation, and sometimes films would be projected inside of slide frames, like wreaths or circular designs that would be vibrated on the outside. The film would be going with a particular rhythm on the inside, and the outside would be manipulated to the music. I had films that went better with fast music or slow music. When I first started I had cassette projectors used for educational films, and I would just *pop* in the cassette and turn it on. If it was a slow one, I'd pop in a slow one . . . or maybe I wanted a humorous one for a break. We had films, slides, liquid projections: everything that was happening in light shows during that period we were playing with—and probably some new things as well. Liquid projection is done with overhead projectors and liquids of different viscosity that won't mix. They'd be in these concave, transparent dishes, a small dish within a larger dish. We would move them, up and down, to the music. We could make them go to the actual rhythms. Or we could move them around: we had rainbow soup and 'swirlies' and 'fingeries.' Really tremendously exciting times to be young and just exploring yourself and what you can do."

This Is the End, My Only Friend

White light. An iridescent dream-spectrum mandala wheeling in the dayglo electrickal banana night. We all lived in a yellow submarine. Then . . . Manson/Altamont, the season of the witch, the sound of somebody in boots. Sensory overload. Spare change? Hendrix/Joplin/Morrison. A scanner darkly. The paint began to chip off the Boston Tea Party's large color caterpillar supergraphic facing the turnpike. *I can't get no.* I can't get *no.* Things fell apart at the center. But the Turquoise Bird group (Jeff Perkins, Peter Mays, Jon Greene, Michael Scroggins, Allen Keesling, Charles Lippincott) managed to stay together, moving their studio to an abandoned hotel on the Santa Monica beach and working in "almost total obscurity." Here, as described by Gene Youngblood (*Expanded Cinema*), is what they did:

> Horses charge in slow motion through solar fires. The hands of a clock run backward. The moon revolves around the earth in a galaxy of Op Art polka dots. Flashing trapezoids and rhomboids whirl out of Buddha's eye. Pristine polymorphic forms are suspended in a phosphate void. Exploding isometrics give birth to insects. A praying mantis dances across an Oriental garden. Spiraling cellular cubes crash into electric-green fossil molds. The organic symbiosis of universal man. A huge magnified centipede creeps across a glowing sun. Cascading phosphorescent sparks. Waffle grid patterns strobe-flash over Roy Lichtenstein's 1930s Ultramoderne architecture. A butterfly emerges from its cocoon. New dimensions of time and space. Bodies become plants. White translucent squids wrestle with geometric clusters. The sound is Terry Riley and LaMonte Young and Mozart, seasoned with Pink Floyd, spiked with Cream.

Ahh . . . *those* were the days, my friend. We thought they'd never end. *Turn out the lights. Turn out the lights. Turn out the lights.*

And then some idiot turned out the lights.

"Well, well, go and play till the light fades away,

And then go home to bed."

The little ones leaped and shouted and laughed

And all the hills echoed.

—William Blake, *Nurse's Song*

Music is your only friend
Until the end
Until the end
Until
The end

Lyric quotations from "When the Music's Over" are copyright ©1967 by Nipper Music ASCAP.

COMING NEXT MONTH

WHAT IS REALITY, PAPA? Godard & Ribera start a new serial in which Axle and Musky return, fresh from their adventures with THE ALCHEMIST SUPREME. This time they tangle with multiple realities and a new (or is it?) quest.

PROGRESS! Bilal's final installment reveals the outcome of the battle between the developers and the Ancient One over the chateau at Trehoet.

METROPOLITAN OPERA, a new story by Caza, full of his rich colors and deft turns.

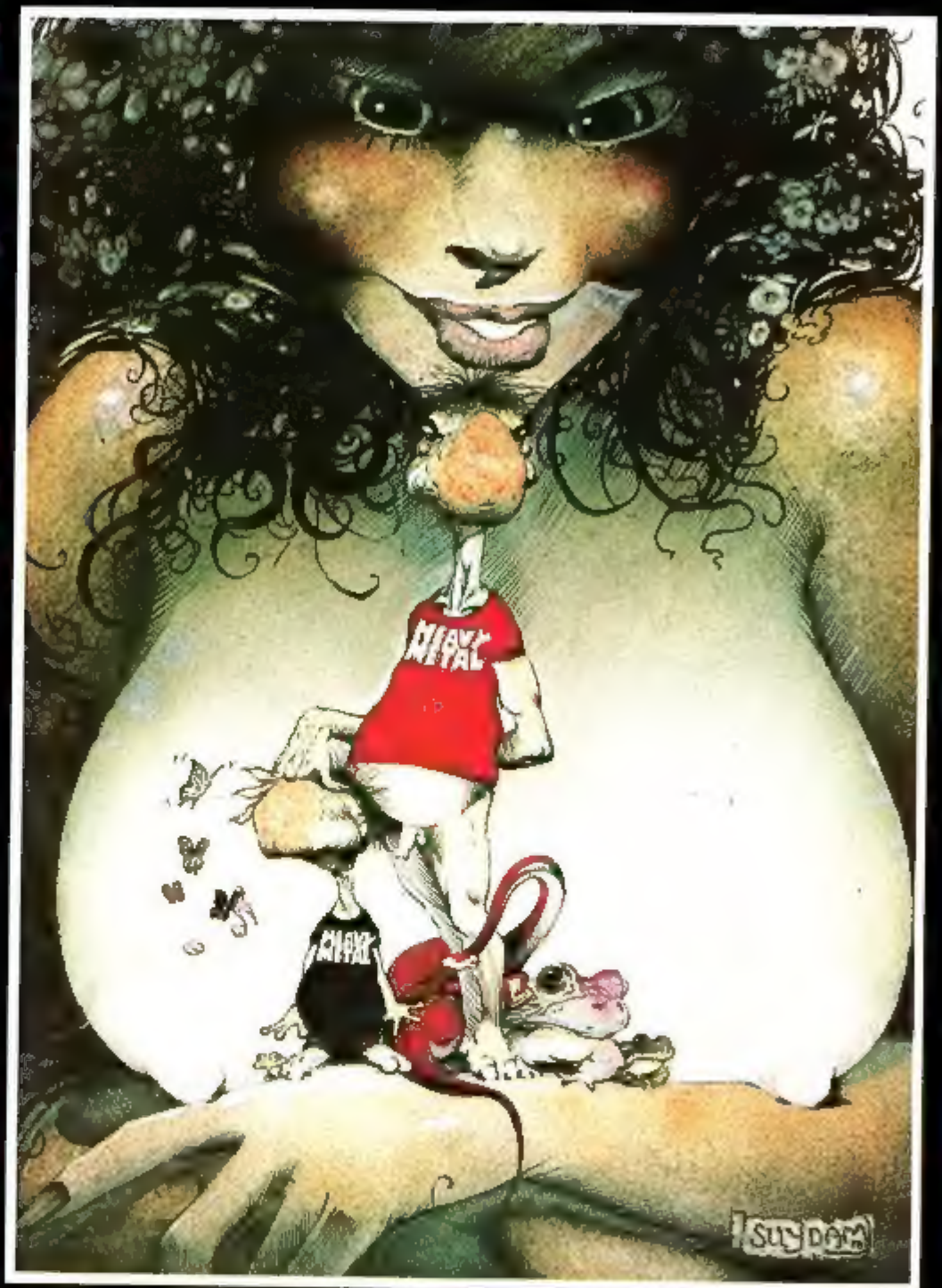
SANS FAMILY marks the return (in color) of Nicole Claveloux, whose marvelous GREEN HAND stories were highlights of our early issues.

CHANGES moves back into high gear, after this issue's pause to consider the Bulldaggers' second album.

PROFESSOR THINTWHISTLE reaches its penultimate installment with some startling revelations.

AND . . . not one but *two* new stories by Moebius (one under his real name, Jean Giraud), more ROCK OPERA, and a striking cover by Japanese airbrush wizard Hajime Sorayama, plus the usual columns and features!

"My men wear HEAVY METAL t-shirts, or they wear nothing at all."



"You're not whistling 'Dixie,' little lady! We only wear the finest form-fitting cotton . . . which I feel accentuates my manly physique. Ray here likes the way the colors blend with his ruddy complexion. No matter what you look like, the HEAVY METAL t-shirt (available in red or black) is the message for summer."

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